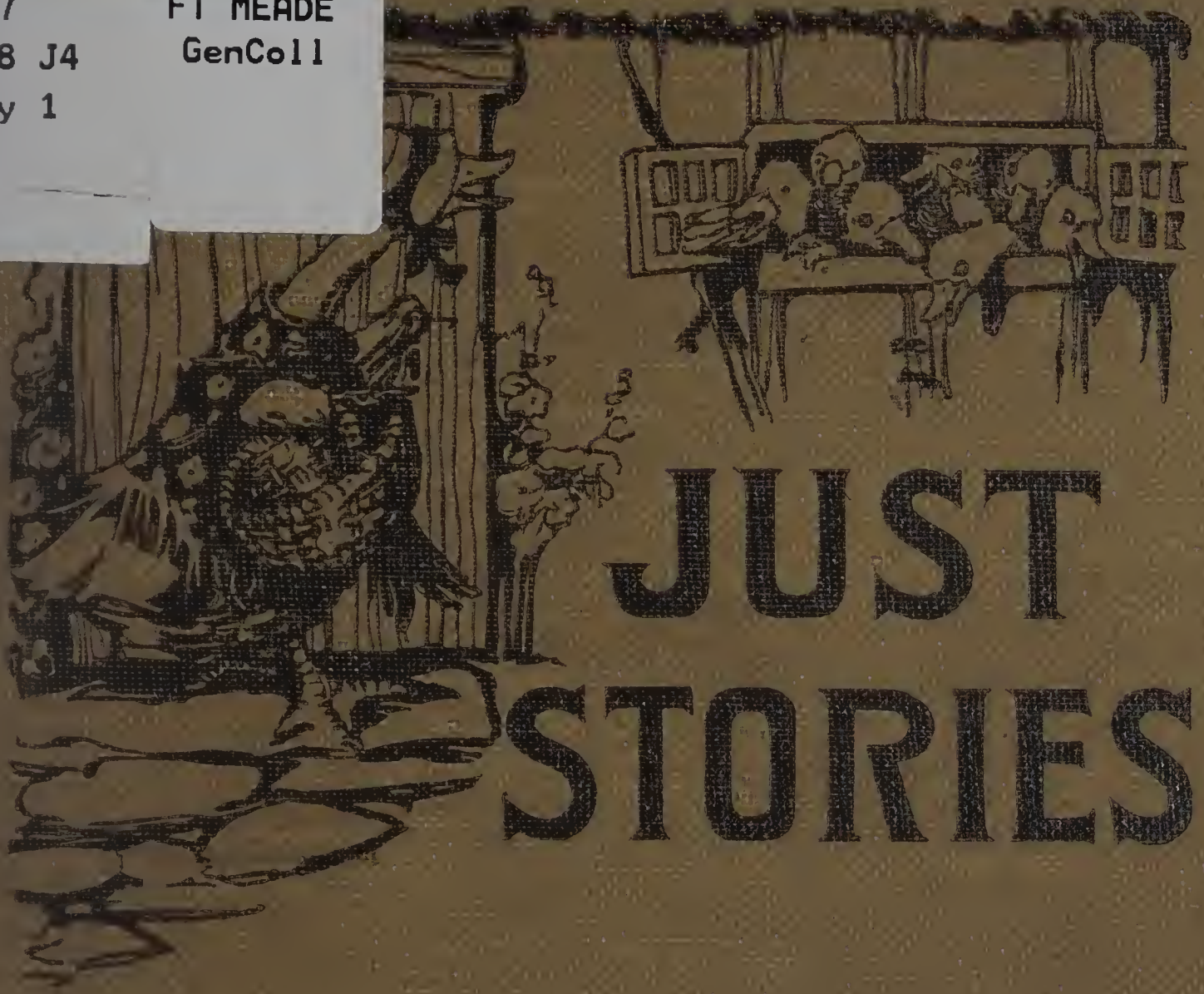


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JUST STORIES

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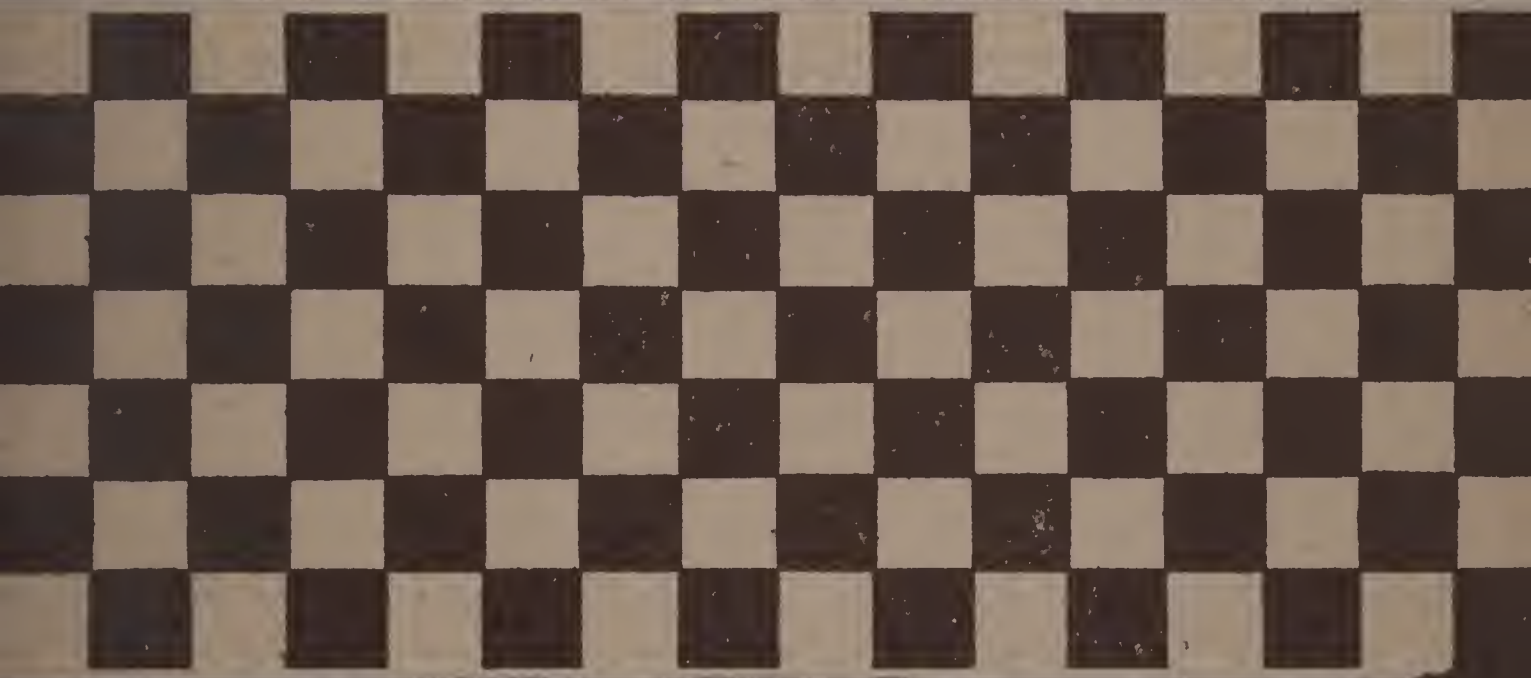


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"DO YOU THINK ME VERY UGLY?" SAID THE BEAST"

JUST STORIES

BY

ANNIE KLINGENSMITH

Assistant Superintendent of Schools
Gary, Indiana

Author of

"Household Stories" and
"Stories of Norse Gods and Heroes"

ILLUSTRATED BY

DOROTHY DULIN

1922

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

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JUN 19 '23

The Stories

PRI NTED by the pupils of the Gary Schools and used in primary reading classes, these stories have reappeared on the playground, in sand, in dramatic form, and upon the lips of small successors of the ancient bards. Heard at shack doors on summer evenings by one pausing in the twilight, they have seemed to justify the continued existence of "just stories," for which the children clamor.

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JUST STORIES

The Pancake

ONCE upon a time a woman had seven hungry children. She was frying a pancake for them. It was a sweet-milk pancake. There it lay in the pan, bubbling and frizzling. The children stood staring at it, and the father sat and looked on.

“Oh, mother, dear, give me a piece of pancake, I am so hungry,” said one child.

“Oh, dear, darling mother,” said the second.

“Oh, dear, darling, good mother,” said the third.

“Oh, dear, darling, good, nice mother,” said the fourth.

“Oh, dear, darling, good, nice, sweet mother,” said the fifth.

“Oh, dear, darling, good, nice, sweet, pretty mother,” said the sixth.

“Oh, dear, darling, good, nice, sweet, pretty little mother,” said the seventh.

So they coaxed for the pancake all around. Each one spoke more sweetly than the other. They were all so hungry and so good.



“IT JUMPED OUT OF THE PAN”

“Yes, yes, children,” said the mother. “Wait till I turn it. Then you shall all have some. See what a beautiful sweet-milk pancake it is. Look how fat and happy it lies in the pan.”

The pancake heard what the mother said and it was afraid. It tried to jump out of the pan, but it was not strong enough. It only fell back the other side up. It fried a little while on that side, and then it was stronger. So it jumped out of the pan, rolled out at the door and away down the hill.

“Hello, pancake, stop!” cried the mother. Away she went after it. She had the frying pan in one hand and the spoon in the other. Away ran the children after her and away went the father last of all.

“Stop, stop, pancake!” they all shouted. They tried to catch up with it, but they could not. The pancake rolled on and on. Soon they could not see it. It was faster than any of them.

So when it had rolled a while it met a man.

“Good morning, pancake,” said the man.

“Good morning, Manny Panny,” said the pancake.

“Beautiful pancake,” said the man, “don’t roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you.”

“No, no, Manny Panny,” said the pancake. “I have run away from the mother, and the father, and the seven crying children, and I can run away from you too.” So on it rolled, till it met a hen.

“Good morning, pancake,” said the hen.

“Good morning, Henny Penny,” said the pancake.

“Beautiful pancake, don’t roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you,” said the hen.

“No, no, Henny Penny,” said the pancake. “I have run away from the mother, and the father, and the seven crying children, and Manny Panny, and I can run away from you, too.” So it rolled away down the road. Just then it met Cocky Locky.

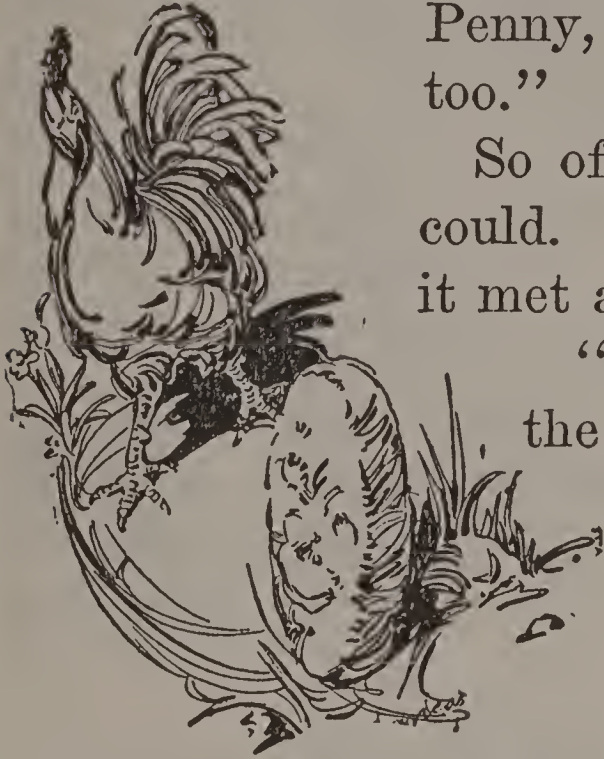
“Good morning, pancake,” said Cocky Locky.

“Good morning Cocky Locky,” said the pancake.

“Beautiful pancake,” said Cocky Locky, “don’t roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you.”

“No, no, Cocky Locky,” said the pancake. “I have

run away from the mother, and the father, and the seven crying children, and Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and I can run away from you, too."



So off it went, rolling as fast as it could. When it had rolled a long way it met a duck.

"Good morning, pancake," said the duck.

"Good morning, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake.

"Beautiful pancake, don't roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you."

"No, no, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake, "I have run away from the mother, and the father, and the seven crying children, and Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky and I can run away from you, too."

Then it rolled away faster than ever, till it met a goose.

"Good morning, pancake," said the goose.

"Good morning, Goosey Loosey," said the pancake.

"Beautiful pancake," said the goose, "don't roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you."



“No, no, Goosey Loosey,” said the pancake. “I have run away from the mother, and the father, and the seven crying children, and Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, and I can run away from you, too.”

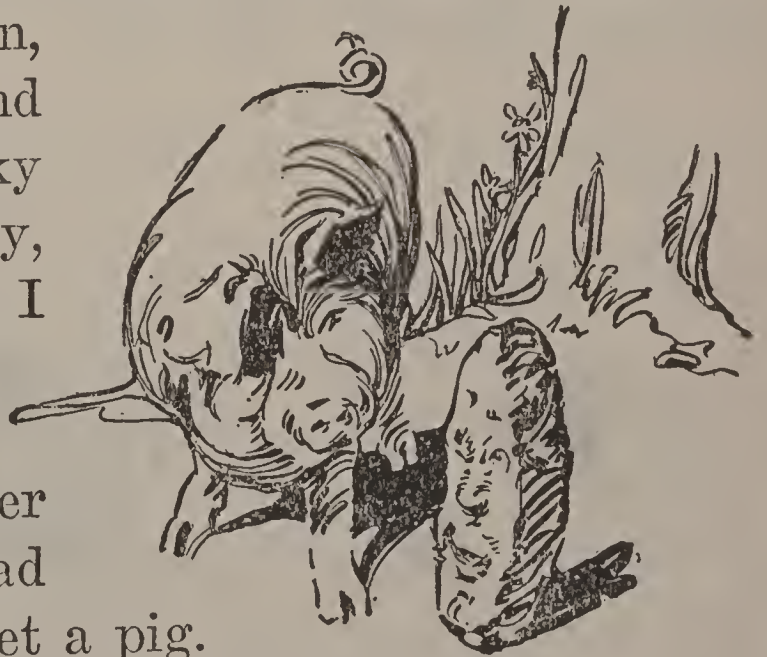
So off it rolled. When it had rolled a long, long time, it met a gander.

“Good morning, pancake,” said the gander.

“Good morning, Gander Lander,” said the pancake.

“Beautiful pancake,” said the gander, “don’t roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you.”

“No, no, Gander Lander,” said the pancake. “I have run away from the mother, and the father, and the seven crying children, and Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey, and I can run away from you, too.”



So it rolled off faster than ever. When it had rolled a long time, it met a pig.

“Good morning, pancake,” said the pig.

“Good morning, Piggy Wiggy,” said the pancake. It said not one word more, but began to roll and roll and roll, like a crazy pancake.

“Now, now,” said the pig. “Don’t be in such a hurry. We can go together. It isn’t safe in the woods.”

The pancake was frightened. So it waited for the pig, and they went along together.

When they had gone a long way, they came to a brook. Piggy could swim across, but the poor little pancake could not.

“Sit on my snout,” said the pig, “and I will take you over.”

So the pancake sat on his snout. And, whoof, whoof, into his throat it went.

That was the end of the pancake, and it is the end of this story.



Blackie's Picnic

IT was one night while his mother was putting him to bed that Blackie begged to go into the woods and have a picnic all by himself.

"Why, Blackie," said Mrs. Blackrat, "don't! How queer you are! Who ever heard of having a picnic all by yourself?"

"Please, mother, do," said Blackie, patting her on the cheek, "just this once! I'll be so good!"

So Mrs. Blackrat said: "Well, go right to sleep and hush talking, and I will see about it in the morning."

"What does 'see about it' mean, mother?—does it mean 'yes'?" said Blackie.

"I guess so, if it doesn't rain," said Mrs. Blackrat! "Now, not another word; go right to sleep."

So Blackie shut his eyes, and the next time he opened them it was daylight, and it wasn't raining. Sure enough, Mrs. Blackrat gave Blackie a lunch and started him off to the picnic. As he skipped away, she kept squealing out to him: "Now, be careful! Don't tear your coat! Don't stay out late! Don't—"

But Blackie did not hear the last "don't," because he was out of sight, and oh, so happy, because he was

going to have a picnic! "I wish Snowwhite and Ring-tail and Brownie could have a picnic, too," said Blackie.

He had a very good time, and played all the morning with leaves and flowers and grass. When dinner time came he spread his lunch on a rock by the spring, and ate his picnic dinner. There were roasted peas, and a baked potato root, and a slice of dried apple.

"Such a dear little mother," said Blackie, "to give me this good lunch!" After dinner he played again, and then ran down a little path to hunt wild strawberries to carry home for Mr. and Mrs. Blackrat's supper.

"Poor mother and father," said Blackie, "they couldn't come to my picnic; I will take them something good." While he was hunting berries he came to a very queer house with a tiny, tiny little crack in it, just large enough for Blackie to squeeze through.

"Oh, ho!" said Blackie, "just see! A house full of corn! I believe I won't hunt any more strawberries; I will stay here and eat some of this corn, and then carry some home. Won't mother be glad!" When he tasted the corn, it was so very good he ate and ate until he couldn't eat any more! Then he just curled up in a nest of corn and went sound asleep. And, just think, when Blackie waked up, he had slept such a long time the moon was shining, and it was night time!

“Oh, what will mother do with me?” said Blackie. “She told me not to stay out late. I must hurry home as fast as I can, because she might think I am lost!”

So he hurried to the tiny little crack. He squeezed and squeezed, but, he couldn't get through at all. “What makes me so very fat?” said Blackie. “This is the same door I came through this afternoon. Why can't I get out now?”

If you had been there, could you have told Blackie why? Well, Mrs. Blackrat waited and waited for Blackie, and when he didn't come home to supper she did not know what to think. “Blackie shall never go to another picnic the longest day he lives,” said Mrs. Blackrat. “I told him not to stay out late, and here the moon is shining and he has not come home! We must look for him, Mr. Blackrat. You go one way and I will go the other.”

So they looked and looked for Blackie, and then Mrs. Blackrat began to cry, because she said she knew Blackie had tumbled into the water and been drowned, and she never would see him any more.

But Mr. Blackrat said: “Oh, no, my dear. I wouldn't cry and say such things as that. Blackie is just lost; he is a bright little fellow and will find his way home in the morning. You run home and go to bed and I will look for Blackie.”

But Mrs. Blackrat said she couldn't go to sleep with Blackie lost in the woods in the dark night, so she trotted on by the side of Mr. Blackrat, looking everywhere for Blackie.

By and by they came to the spring, and saw the very rock where Blackie had eaten his dinner, for there were the scraps of roasted peas and potato root and dried apple.

Next they found the little path twisting through the woods, and some tiny footprints in the sand, and Mr. Blackrat said, "Whose tracks are these, I wonder?"

"Why they are Blackie's tracks!" said Mrs. Blackrat, hopping up and down with joy, "I'd know Blackie's tracks anywhere—they are the most beautiful tracks in the world! Hurry, hurry, Mr. Blackrat; you are so slow!"

And so she ran on ahead of Mr. Blackrat, just as fast as she could, following the little tracks in the sand. Sure enough, they led right up to the little crack in the corn-house. There stood Blackie with only his nose peeping through, so very fat he could not get any farther.

Mrs. Blackrat was so happy she did not know what to do, so she sat on a stone and fanned herself. Mr. Blackrat couldn't do a thing but laugh when he saw Blackie was so fat he couldn't get through the crack.

"You little rascal," he said, "now aren't you a pretty

sight! Why don't you come out of that door and meet your mother?"

"I c-a-n-'t!" said Blackie; "I don't know why. I came in all right, but when I started home—"

"You were so very fat you couldn't squeeze through," said his father. "I wonder how much of that corn you have eaten."

"Why, Blackie," said his mother, "I am ashamed of you! To think that a son of mine could be so greedy! Blackie! Blackie! Don't you touch another grain of that corn, sir—not another grain, sir, until you have fallen off and lost enough of that fat to squeeze through that crack, you wretched child! Throw me out a few grains of that corn, and let me see how it tastes!"

Well, maybe you think it would be funny to be so very fat you could not squeeze through a crack, but it wasn't very funny to Blackie, I can tell you! It took a long time for him to fall off, and he got so very hungry.

But his mother would not let him taste a thing—not even a grain of corn—and he did fall off at last, and got thin enough to squeeze through the little crack; then he was the happiest little fellow in the world, and you never caught him going through any more little cracks, unless he was sure he could get out again.

From "Merry Animal Tales," Madge Bingham

Published by Little Brown & Company.



The Seven Goslings

ONCE there was a goose that had seven children.

One day she had to go to get some food for them. She called them up and said, "Be sure to keep the door locked while I am gone. If the wolf gets in he will eat you bones, skin, and all. You will know him by his hoarse voice and black paws."

The goslings said, "We will be very careful. Do not be afraid, mother."

So the old goose went away with a light heart.

Soon some one knocked at the door. "Who is it?" cried the goslings.

"Your mother, dears. I have brought something nice for each one of you. Open the door quickly."

But the goslings knew it was the wolf by the hoarse voice.

"We will not open the door," they cried. "Our mother has a sweet voice. Yours is hoarse. You must be the wolf."

Off went the wolf and bought a big piece of butter and ate it to make his voice soft.

Then he went back and knocked. "Open the door, dears. Your mother is here. She has brought each of you something nice."

But the wolf showed his black paw at the key hole. So the goslings said, "You are the wolf. Our mother has not black paws."

Then the wolf ran to the baker. "Rub dough on my paws and be quick about it," he said.

The baker was afraid, so he did.

Then the wolf ran to the miller. "Put flour on my paws and be quick about it," he said.

The miller was afraid, so he did.

Away the wolf ran and put his paws up to the key hole.

"Here I am, my dear children. Open the door for mother. I have something nice for each of you."

The goslings saw the white paws and heard the sweet voice. So they opened the door.

The first gosling ran under the table. The second got into bed. The third hid in the oven. The fourth jumped into the flour barrel. The fifth flew into the cupboard. The sixth crept under the sink. The seventh hid in the clock.

The wolf found all but the one in the clock and soon put them into his bag. Then he went out and lay down to sleep.

Soon the mother goose came home. What a sight she saw. The door was wide open. The tables and chairs were upside down. Dishes were broken. The pillows were on the floor.

The poor mother ran up and down. She called her children by name. No one answered. She sat down and sobbed and cried.

The gosling in the clock had heard her calling, but he was afraid it was the wolf again.

When she began to cry, he peeped out with one eye. Then he called out, "Here I am mother, in the clock."

So she helped him out and heard what the wolf had done. Then they went out into the wood. There lay the wolf sound asleep with his bag beside him.

The mother sent the gosling for scissors and needle and thread. In a minute he was back. The mother cut one snip. Out came a gosling's head.

Then she made another snip, and another, and another till the six goslings all jumped out.

“Now run children, and bring some good hard stones.”

The goslings always obeyed at once. So off they went and brought the stones.

The mother put them into the bag. Then she sewed up the hole.

By and by the wolf woke up and took the bag over his shoulder. He felt very thirsty, so he went to the brook to drink.

When he put down his head, the stones upset him and he fell into the water and sank to the bottom.

All the goslings cried, “The wolf is dead, the wolf is dead, the wolf is dead.” Then they held hands and danced round and round their mother till they could dance no longer.



The Father of the Family



ONCE upon a time a man was traveling. In the evening he came to a large farm house. He thought he would ask to stay all night.

In the yard there was an old man with gray hair. He was cutting wood.

“Good evening, father,” said the traveler. “May I stay all night at your house?”

“I am not the father,” said the old man. “Go into the kitchen and ask my father.”

So the traveler went into the kitchen. There he saw a man that was still older. He was making a fire.

“Good evening, father,” said the traveler. “May I stay here all night?”

“I am not the father,” said the old man. “Go into the next room and ask my father. He is sitting at the table reading.”

So the traveler went into the room and there sat

a very old man. He was reading a big book. He was so old that he shook with the cold.

“Good evening, father, may I stay here all night?”

“I am not the father,” said the very old man. “You must go to my father. There he sits on the bench.”

So the traveler went over to the bench. There sat a still older man. He was trying to fill his pipe. But his hands were too stiff.

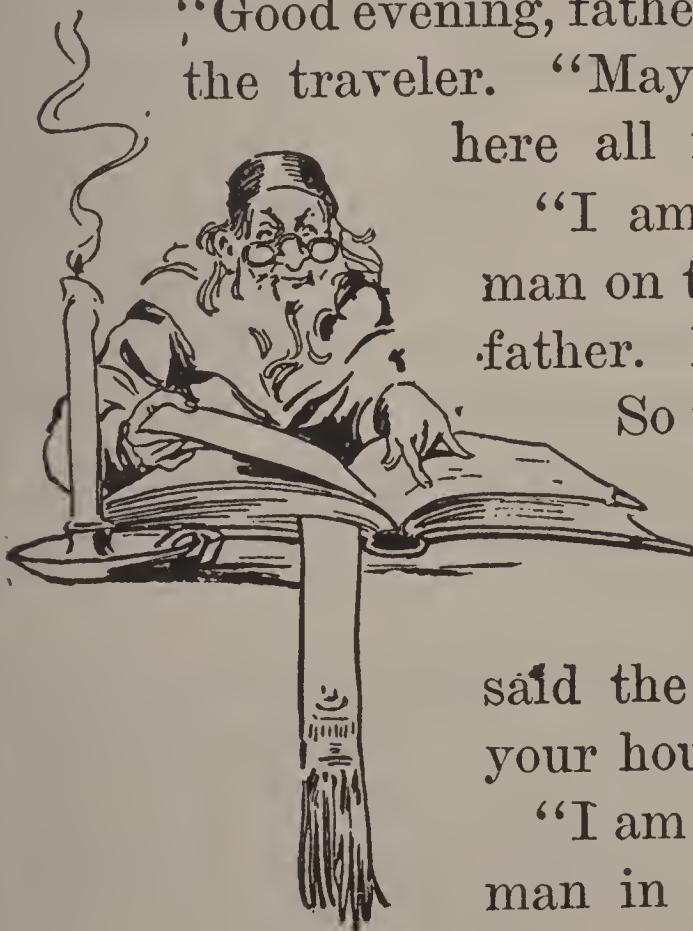
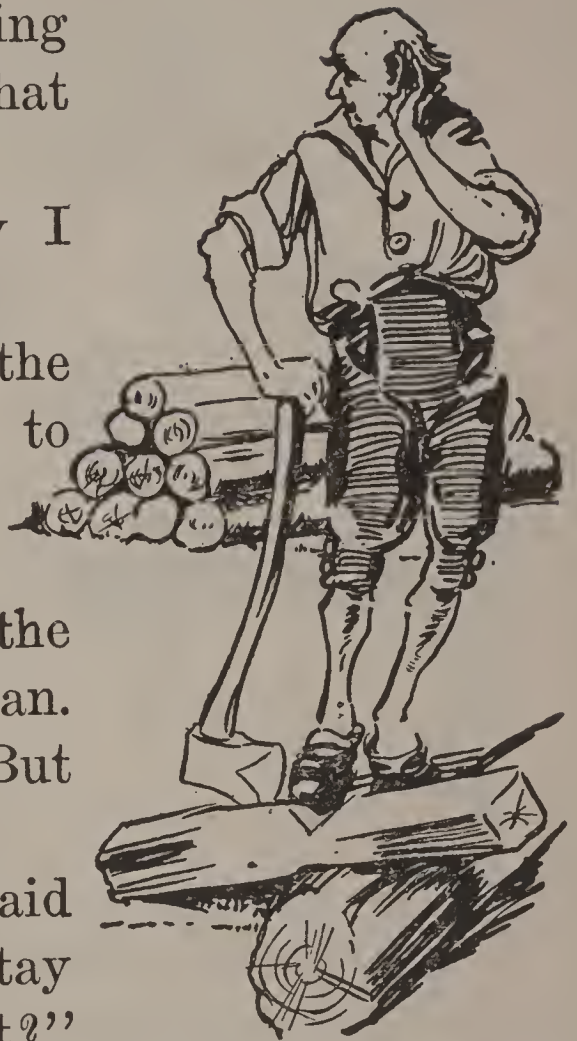
“Good evening, father,” said the traveler. “May I stay here all night?”

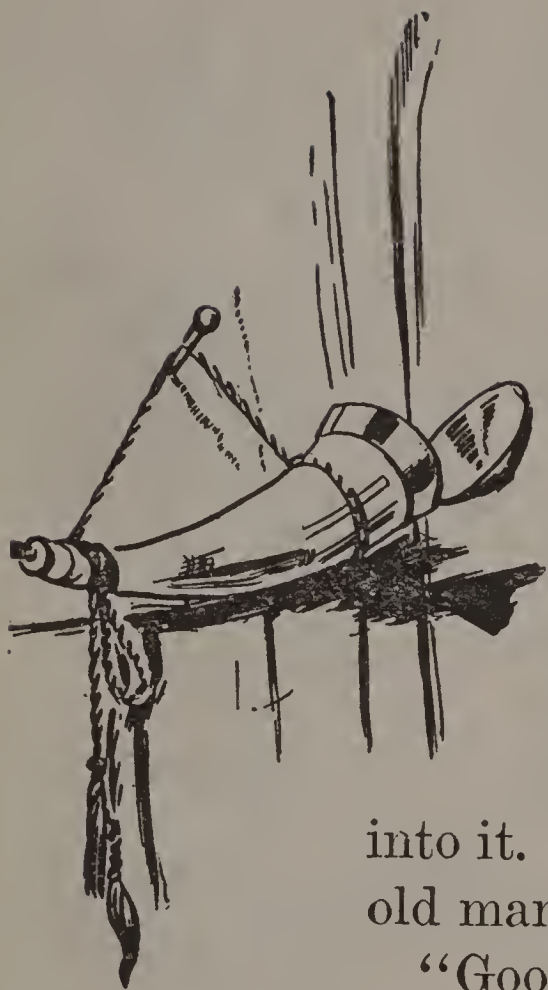
“I am not the father,” said the man on the bench. “Go and ask my father. He is lying on the bed!”

So the traveler went over to the bed. There lay an old, old, old man with his eyes shut.

“Good evening, father,” said the traveler. “May I stay in your house all night?”

“I am not the father,” said the old man in the bed. “Ask my father.





He lies in the cradle.”

So the traveler went and looked into the cradle. There lay a man as old as the hills. He was as small as a baby. He could hardly speak.

At last this old man said, “I am not the father. You must ask my father. He is in a horn hanging on the wall.”

So the traveler looked about till he saw the horn. He looked into it. There he saw a tiny, little, white, old man, no bigger than your thumb.

“Good evening, father, may I stay here all night?” said the traveler.

Then a little chirping came out of the horn. It sounded like a little bird.

The traveler held his breath to listen. The little man was saying, “Yes, my child.”

A table covered with good food came in. The man ate and drank. Then a soft bed came in and he went to bed.

He was very glad to find the right father of the house.

The White Cat

THERE was once a king who had three sons. They were all handsome and wise and brave.

One day the king said: "My sons, I am growing old. I wish to make one of you king in my place. But I must have something to amuse me when I am no longer king. I will make the one who brings me the tiniest dog king. Travel in all countries for a year. Then come home and we will see who finds the smallest dog."

The three princes set off on different roads.

The youngest one went from town to town buying tiny dogs. In each town he saw a smaller one. So he always gave away the one he had and bought the one that was still smaller.

One night he was lost in a forest. It rained and was very dark. After a long time he saw a light and went toward it. In a short time he came to the most beautiful palace he had ever seen. The door was of gold covered with sapphires. The walls were of china covered with the pictures of all the fairies in the world.

A deer's foot was hung to the door by a chain of diamonds. He pulled the foot and heard a bell that sounded like the most beautiful music. In a minute the door opened. No one was to be seen, but there

were twelve hands in the air. Each hand held a lamp!

The prince was frightened. He stood still and looked at the hands. He was afraid to move a step. Then he heard sweet voices singing: "Welcome, Prince, no danger fear."

So he followed the lamps till he came to a door of coral. It opened into a room of pearl. Still the hands with lamps went on. Still the prince followed. At last they stopped in a brightly lighted room. There was a fire with an easy chair before it.

The hands put down the lamps. Then they took off the prince's wet clothes and dressed him in fine linen and a gold-embroidered suit.

The hands next combed his hair, and brought him a basin with perfumed water to wash his hands.

When he was all ready the hands led him into a banquet room. All the dishes were of gold.

There were just two plates. The prince seated himself at one of the places.

Just then a little figure entered the room and came toward him. It had on a long veil. On each side walked a cat with a sword by its side. A long train of cats followed bringing cages and traps full of mice.

The little figure walked up to the prince. Then it threw back its veil and the prince saw that it was a beautiful white cat.

“Welcome, Prince,” said the beautiful white cat.

“Madam,” said the prince, “I thank you for your kindness.”

“Do not thank me,” said the white cat, “I am glad to have you visit my palace. Let us go on with dinner.”

The hands brought the prince a pigeon pie. They gave the white cat a dish of fried mice. After this many other kinds of food were brought in.

Late at night the hands took the prince to a bedroom. The room was so beautiful that he could hardly make up his mind to go to bed.

In the morning he heard a noise outside. The hands brought him a hunting suit, and put it on him.

He looked out and saw five hundred cats. They were getting ready for a hunt.

Soon the white cat sent for the prince, and wished him to go along. She gave him a wooden horse that could run very fast. She herself rode a monkey.

The horns sounded. Away went five hundred cats. They hunted all day. At night there was another feast. The next day there was a hunt. And so it went day after day.

At last the prince thought of his father and the little dog. “What shall I do?” said he to the white cat, “I am far from home and must be there in three days.”

The white cat said: “Never mind. The wooden horse

will take you home in three days. Here is an acorn, hold it to your ear." The prince did as she said and heard a little dog barking in the acorn.

He thanked the white cat a thousand times and set off on the wooden horse.

On the last day of the year the three princes went to show their dogs. The two elder princes brought theirs on little silk cushions. Every one thought the youngest prince had no dog.

The king could not tell which of the two dogs was smaller. The two brothers began to quarrel.

The youngest prince took out the acorn and opened it. Out jumped the tiniest dog ever seen. He could jump through a finger ring without touching.

The king said: "There is one more thing that I want. Travel another year and bring me a piece of cloth fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle. Then I will decide which one of you is to be king.

The three princes set off as before. The youngest went straight to the white cat's palace. "Give yourself no trouble," said the white cat, "some of my cats can make you such cloth."

That night there were fireworks because the prince had come back. Every day there was something new. The prince forgot all about going home, but at the right time the white cat reminded him,

When he went to the door he saw a beautiful chariot. It was covered with gold and pearls and diamonds. It had twelve snow-white horses. Behind it rode a thousand soldiers on white horses. "Take this walnut," said the white cat, "be careful of it; the cloth is in it."

At the end of the year the three princes came before their father. The two elder princes showed very fine pieces of cloth. But they were not quite fine enough.

Then the youngest prince took out his walnut. He cracked it. Inside was a hickory nut. He cracked that. Inside was a cherry stone. Everybody began to laugh. The prince cracked the cherry stone. Inside of it was a grain of wheat. Inside the grain of wheat was a grass seed. Inside the grass seed was the cloth. It was four hundred yards long and so fine that it went through the needle like thread.

Now the king said, "A king must have a queen. Travel for another year. Whoever brings back the most beautiful lady shall be king."

Again the youngest prince went to the white cat's palace. There he stayed for a year. At last only one day was left.

"To-morrow you must be at home," said the white cat. "I can help you to get the most beautiful princess in the world."

"How?" said the prince.

"Cut off my head and tail," said the white cat.

“Never!” said the prince, “I am too fond of you.”

“Please do as I tell you,” said the white cat. “Have I ever told you anything that was not for your good?”

So the prince cut off her head and tail with his sword.

In a moment the white cat turned into the most beautiful princess in the world. All the cats in the palace turned into ladies and gentlemen.

“We have all been enchanted,” said the princess. “But now let us hurry. We must be at your home to-morrow.”

The next day the three princes brought their ladies before the king.

Everyone could see that the youngest prince had the most beautiful lady. So the king said he should be king.

The princess said: “You are not too old to be king. Keep your kingdom for yourself. I have six kingdoms of my own. I will give one to each of your two elder sons. The other four I will give to the youngest prince.”

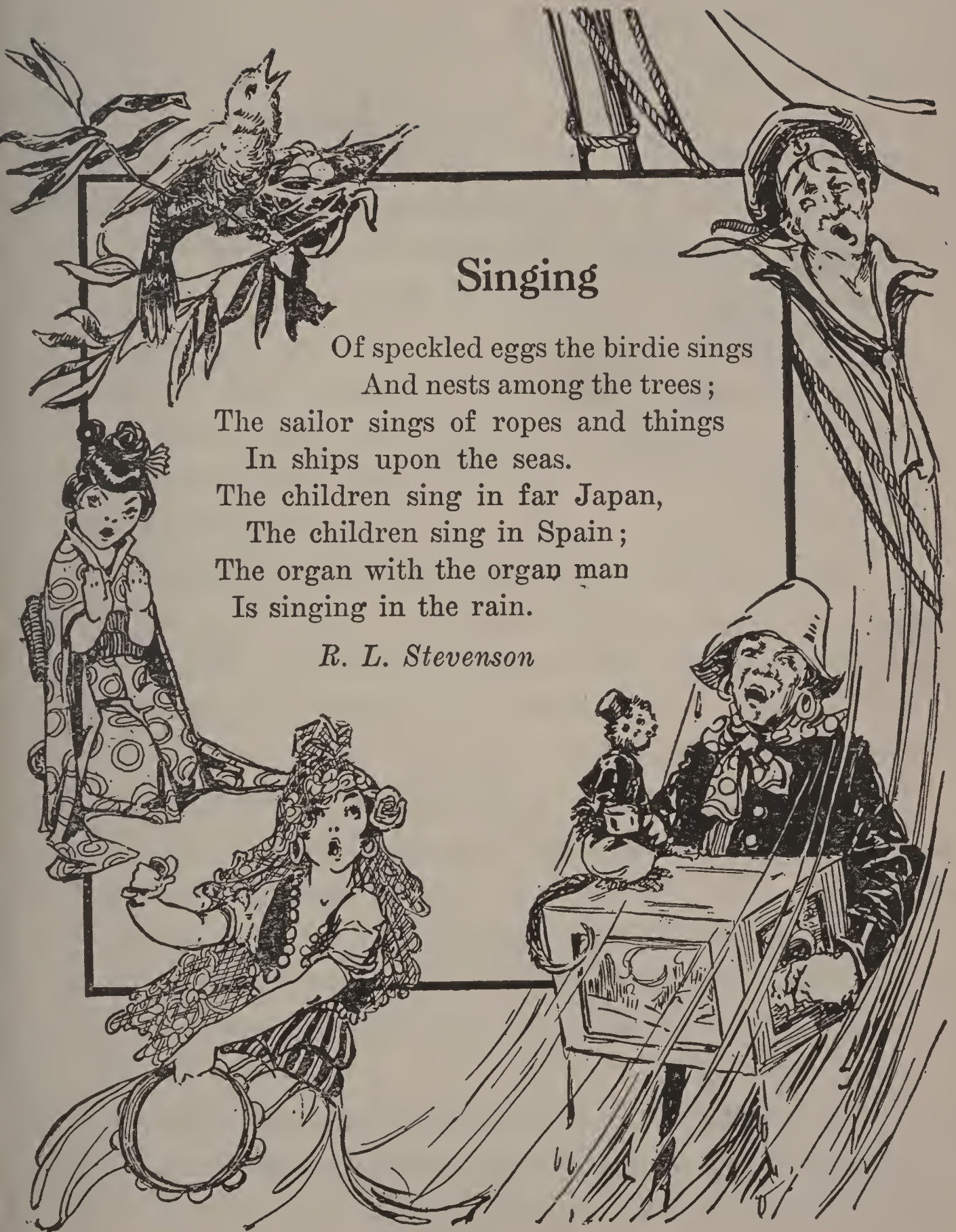
This made everybody very glad.



Singing

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees ;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.
The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain ;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

R. L. Stevenson



Little Wee Duck



ONCE upon a time a Little Wee Duck found a purse. It was full of bright pieces of gold.

Little Wee Duck went about calling, “Quack quack, quack. Come and get your money back. Quack, quack, quack.”

Nobody came, so Little Wee Duck thought he would have the money for himself.

Just then the king came riding by. When he saw Little Wee Duck with the money, he jumped from his horse.

“Hand that money over,” shouted the king. “What does a duck need with money? Hand it over I say.”

Little Wee Duck was frightened. So he gave the money to the king without saying one word. The king jumped on his horse again and away he went.

Little Wee Duck went home and told his master about the money.

“You bad Little Wee Duck,” said his master. “Go and get that money back. Don’t come home till you have it.”

Little Wee Duck set off down the road singing, "Quack, quack, quack. Give me my money back. Quack, quack, quack."

Very soon he met Friend Fox. "Where are you going this fine day?" said Friend Fox.

"Oh, the king took my money and I am going to get it back. Quack, quack, quack."

"May I go with you?" said Friend Fox. "The more the merrier," said Little Wee Duck. "Make yourself small, and get into my pocket and I will carry you."

Friend Fox did as he was told. Little Wee Duck set off again singing, "Quack, quack, quack. Give me my money back. Quack, quack, quack."

Next he met Lady Running River. There was no one Little Wee Duck liked so well. He stopped to speak to her.

"Where are you going this fine day?" said Lady Running River.

"Oh, the king took my money and I am going to get it back. Quack, quack, quack."

"May I go with you?" said Lady Running River. "The more the merrier," said little Wee Duck. "Make yourself small, get into my pocket and I will carry you."

Lady Running River did as she was told. Little Wee Duck set off again singing, "Quack, quack, quack. Give me my money back. Quack, quack, quack."

Next he met Mr. Bee Hive. "Where are you going this fine day?" said Mr. Bee Hive.

"Oh, the king took my money and I am going to get it back. Quack, quack, quack."

"May I go with you?" said Mr. Bee Hive. "The more the merrier," said Little Wee Duck. "Make yourself small, get into my pocket, and I will carry you."

Mr. Bee Hive did as he was told. Little Wee Duck set off again, singing, "Quack, quack, quack. Give me my money back."

And the very next thing he came to was the king's palace.

The gate stood wide open. Two long rows of soldiers guarded the way from the gate to the palace door.

Little Wee Duck marched up between them singing, "Quack, quack, quack. Give me my money back. Quack, quack, quack."

At the door stood a porter with silk stockings and gold buttons.

"I wish to speak to the king," said Little Wee Duck. The porter went at once to the king.

"Wants to see me?" said the king. "Oh, no. That is a mistake. What he wants to see is the poultry yard. That will suit him much better."

Away went the porter. "Step this way," said he to Little Wee Duck. Little Wee Duck followed the

porter and soon found himself in the poultry yard.

All the chickens and ducks and turkeys and guinea hens flew at Little Wee Duck and pecked him. But Friend Fox jumped out and swallowed them all whole.

Then Little Wee Duck sang, "Quack, quack, quack. Give me my money back. Quack, quack, quack."

The king heard him and shouted, "Throw that creature into the fire and burn him!"

The servant ran out and caught Little Wee Duck. Just as they were about to throw him into the fire, out came Lady Running River. She put out the fire and spoiled all the carpets.

Little Wee Duck Swam around singing, "Quack, quack, quack. give me my money back."

"Bring him to me," shouted the king, "and I will wring his neck. Then he will be quiet."

The soldiers waded about until they caught Little Wee Duck. Then they carried him to the king.



Just as the king tried to take hold of him, out

buzzed Mr. Bee Hive. The king dropped Little Wee Duck's money and jumped out of the window. All the soldiers ran away.

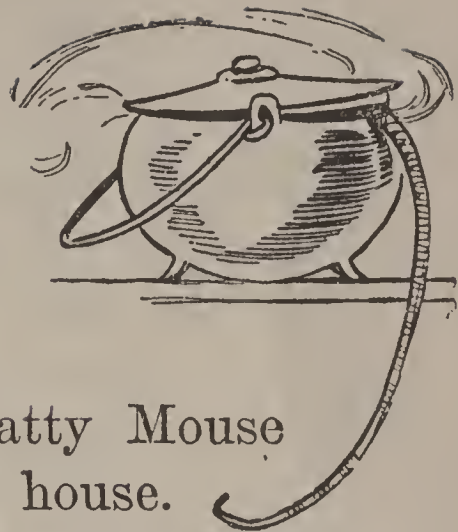
Little Wee Duck took his money and went home singing, "Quack, quack, quack. Now I have my money back. Quack, quack, quack."

His master took him into the house and treated him as a son. Little Wee Duck had fine clothes and nice things to eat. He was always introduced to guests and his master was very proud of him.

Old French Fairy Tale



Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse



TITTY MOUSE and Tatty Mouse
both lived in one house.

Titty Mouse went out to find some food and Tatty Mouse went out to find some food. So they both went out to find some food.

Titty Mouse found an ear of corn and Tatty Mouse found an ear of corn. So they both found an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding and Tatty Mouse made a pudding. So they both made a pudding.

Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the pot to boil. Titty Mouse went to put her pudding into the pot to boil, but she fell in and was boiled with it.

Then Tatty Mouse sat down and cried. A stool said, "Tatty Mouse, why do you cry?"

"Titty is dead," said Tatty, "that is why I cry."

"Then I shall hop," said the stool. So the stool hopped.

The broom said, "Stool, why do you hop?" "Titty

is dead," said the stool, "Tatty cries, and so I hop."

"Then I shall sweep," said the broom. So the broom swept.

Then the door said, "Broom, why do you sweep?"

"Titty is dead, Tatty cries, the stool hops," said the broom, "and so I sweep."

Then the door said, "I shall bang." So the door banged.

Then the window said, "Door, why do you bang?"

"Titty is dead, Tatty cries, the stool hops, the broom sweeps," said the door, "so I bang."

The window said, "Then I shall creak." So the window creaked.

There was an old bench outside the house. He heard the window creak, and said, "Window, why do you creak?"

"Titty is dead, Tatty cries, the stool hops, the broom sweeps, the door bangs," said the window, "so I creak."

"Then I shall run around the house," said the old bench. So the old bench ran around and around the house.

A large tree grew near the house. The tree said to the old bench, "Why do you run around the house?"

"Titty is dead, Tatty cries, the stool hops, the broom sweeps, the door bangs, and the window creaks," said the old bench, "so I run around and around the house."

“Then I shall shed my leaves,” said the tree. So the tree shed his leaves.

A little bird was in the tree. It saw all the leaves falling.

“Tree, why do you shed your leaves?” said the little bird.

“Titty is dead, Tatty cries, the stool hops, the broom sweeps, the door bangs, the window creaks, the bench runs around the house,” said the big tree, “so I shed my leaves.”

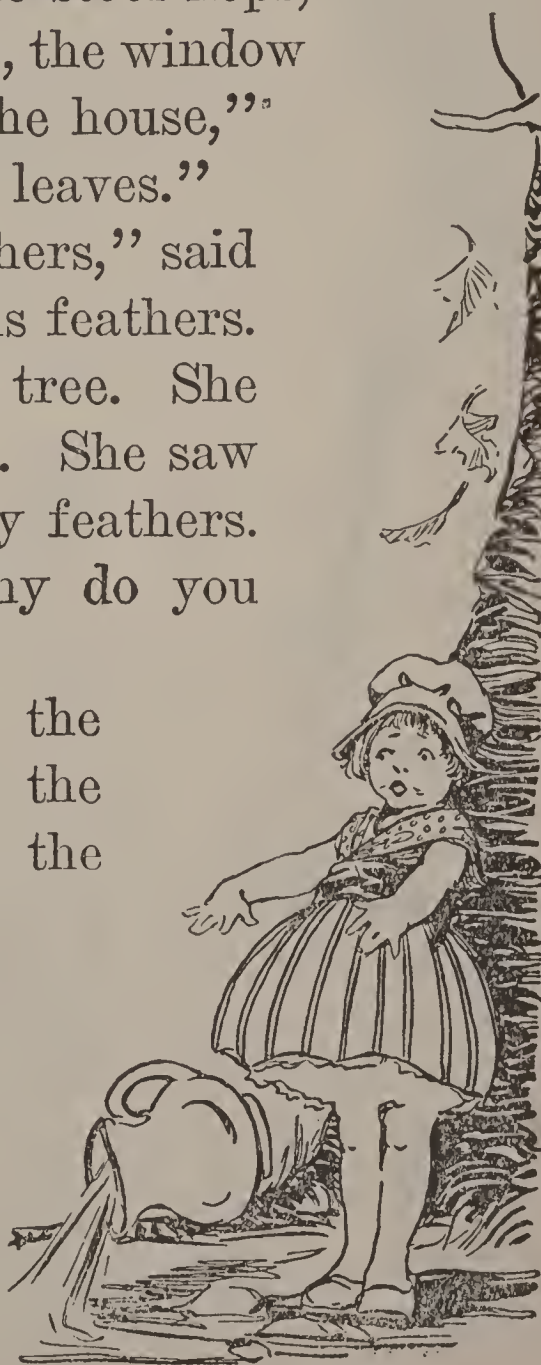
“Then I shall shed all my feathers,” said the bird. So the bird shed all his feathers.

A little girl walked under the tree. She had a pitcher of milk for supper. She saw the little bird shed all his pretty feathers.

So she said, “Little bird, why do you shed all your pretty feathers?”

“Titty is dead, Tatty cries, the stool hops, the broom sweeps, the door bangs, the window creaks, the old bench runs around the house, the big tree sheds its leaves,” said the little bird, “so I shed my feathers.”

“Then I shall spill the milk,” said the little girl. So the little girl spilled the milk.



There was an old man on a ladder. He saw the little girl drop her pitcher.

“Little girl, why do you spill your milk?” said the man.

“Titty is dead,” said the little girl, “Tatty cries, the stool hops, the broom sweeps, the door bangs, the window creaks, the old bench runs around the house, the big tree sheds its leaves, and the little bird sheds its feathers.”

“Then I shall fall off the ladder and break my neck,” said the old man. And the old man fell off the ladder and broke his neck.

Then the big tree fell down and upset the old bench and the house. The house fell and knocked the window out. The window knocked the door down. The door upset the broom. The broom upset the stool and poor little Tatty Mouse and the bird were killed.



Brother Rabbit and Brother Goat

A LONG time ago Brother Rabbit and Brother Goat lived near together.

Brother Goat's horns were strong and sharp; so he was not afraid of anything.

Poor Brother Rabbit was afraid of nearly everything. He could not bite; he had no horns; he could only run away when he was afraid.

Brother Goat always turned up his nose at poor Brother Rabbit. He hardly ever spoke to him when he met him.

If he ever said anything, it was always something to scare Brother Rabbit out of his wits.

Brother Goat would say, "Brother Rabbit, here comes Brother Fox," and then Brother Rabbit would run himself out of breath to get away.

Sometimes Brother Goat would say, "Here is Mr. Wolf." Then Brother Rabbit would almost faint.

Now Brother Rabbit was small, but he knew a thing or two. He found out that Brother Goat liked nice things to eat. So he made a feast and asked Brother Goat to come. He thought Brother Goat would be ashamed to tease him after that.

Brother Goat had never seen such a feast. He ate

and ate. At last he asked for a drink of water. Poor Brother Rabbit had no water and he was afraid to go to the spring to get it.

Brother Goat said, "Let us go and dig a well by the big poplar tree." Mr. Wolf lived near there and Brother Goat was teasing Brother Rabbit again.

Brother Rabbit said, "I do not need a well. I drink the dew on the leaves early in the morning."

Brother Goat said, "I will dig the well myself. Then all the water will be mine."

So Brother Goat went out and began to dig with his sharp horns and sharp hoofs. He made the ground fly all around. Soon he found water and took a drink.

The next day Mr. Wolf went away on a visit and Brother Rabbit thought he would go down and get some water. When Brother Goat came he saw Brother Rabbit's tracks. This made him angry, and he said to himself, "I will catch the rascal."

Brother Goat was a carpenter; so he could make all sorts of things of wood. He ran for his tools and made a wooden baby. He put tar all over it and it looked like a darky baby.

Brother Goat set the tar baby at the edge of the well and hid in the bushes.

By and by Brother Rabbit came to get a pail of water. He was creeping along very softly, hiding under grass and behind stones.

When he saw the tar baby, he sat as still as a stone. He looked just like the dry leaves and grass around him.

The tar baby sat still and Brother Rabbit looked at it a long time. At last he came up to it and said, "How do you do, tar baby?"

The tar baby didn't answer, and Brother Rabbit said, "How do you do," again.

But the tar baby didn't answer; so Brother Rabbit said, "I'll teach you better manners." With that he slapped the tar baby's face.

His paw stuck fast. "Let go of my paw," said Brother Rabbit, "or I'll slap you again." But the tar baby didn't let go.

In a minute he slapped the tar baby with his other paw, and that stuck fast too.

"Are you going to let my paws go?" shouted Brother Rabbit, but the tar baby didn't let go.

Brother Rabbit kicked the tar baby with his hind foot and that stuck. Then he was in a rage. He screamed, "Do you see that foot? You let go of me or I'll kick you so hard with it you'll think lightning has struck you." Then he kicked with his last foot and it stuck.

Out sprang Brother Goat shouting, "Now I have you, you rascal!"

He tied Brother Rabbit hand and foot and then he

sat down to think how to kill him. At last he made up his mind to burn poor Brother Rabbit.

Just then Brother Goat's daughter, Miss Nanny, came along and said, "Why, Papa, throw that good-for-nothing creature into the bramble patch. I want you to take me to get some nice grass."

Brother Rabbit was shaking with fear; but he called out, "Oh, please don't throw me into the bramble patch! Oh, please don't throw me into the bramble patch. Burn me, drown me, starve me to death; but don't throw me into the bramble patch."

"Aha, rascal, you don't like brambles," said Brother Goat. "Into them you go." Then he ran and threw Brother Rabbit into the very middle of the bramble patch.

Brother Rabbit fell on his feet. How he laughed. He kept calling all day, "Born and bred in the bramble patch. Born and bred in the bramble patch."

Brother Goat was so much vexed, that he took his whole family and moved away.

So Brother Rabbit was happy forever after.

A Day

I'll tell you how the sun arose,
A ribbon at a time;
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set I know not.
There seemed a purple stile,
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while.

'Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away.

Emily Dickinson

The Long Leather Bag



A LONG time ago, there was a widow. She had three daughters. When their father died he left her a long leather bag filled with gold and silver.

A wicked woman wanted to steal the long leather bag, so she dressed herself up in rags and went to the house to beg.

The mother went to the kitchen to get her some food. Then the wicked woman went in quietly and took the long leather bag. From that day the widow and her three daughters were very poor. She had hard work to bring them up.

At last they were all big girls, but they were still very poor.

One day the eldest girl said, "Mother, I am a big girl now. It is too bad for me to be doing nothing to help you. Let me go away and make my fortune."

So the mother gave her some lunch and let her go.

The girl said if she did not come back in a year and a day, they might know she was well off.

She traveled away and away, farther than I can tell you and twice as far as you can tell me. Then she came to a strange country.

She went to a little house she saw. An old woman was living in it.

The girl asked the old woman for work. The old woman said, "Come in if you want to work. I need a maid."

"What shall I have to do?" said the girl.

"You will have to wash me and dress me and sweep the hearth clean. But you must never look up the chimney."

The girl thought she could do all that, so the old woman said she could stay.

The next morning she washed the old woman and dressed her, and the old woman went out.

The girl swept the hearth clean. Then she thought about the chimney. She thought after all she would look up the chimney.

She looked up and saw her mother's long leather bag of gold and silver. She took it down and started to run home as fast as she could.

On the way she saw a horse. The horse said, "Rub me, rub me. I have not been rubbed for seven long years."

But the girl only struck at him and drove him away.

Soon she met a sheep. The sheep cried, "Cut off my wool, cut off my wool. It has not been cut in seven long years."

But she struck the sheep and sent it running away.

Then she met a goat. The goat called, "Change my tether, change my tether. It has not been changed for seven long years."

But the girl threw a stone at the goat and ran on toward her home.

Next she came to a lime kiln. It said, "Oh, clean me, clean me. I have not been cleaned in seven long years."

But the girl only looked cross at it and ran on.

Soon she met a cow. The cow cried, "Milk me, milk me. I have not been milked for seven long years."

The girl struck at the cow and chased her away.

Next came a mill. The mill said: "Oh, turn me, turn me. I have not been turned in seven long years."

But the girl did not listen. It was night and she went in and lay down behind the door. Under her head she put the long leather bag.

The old woman came back and found the girl gone. She ran to the chimney and looked up. The long leather bag was gone too. She was very angry. So she started after the girl.

When she came to the horse, she said, "Oh, horse of mine, did you see this maid of mine, with my tig,

with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

"Yes," said the horse. "She went by here not long ago."

The old woman ran on till she met the sheep. She said, "Sheep of mine, did you see this maid of mine, with my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

"Yes," said the sheep. "She went by here not long ago."

So on she went till she came to the goat. "Goat, goat of mine, did you see this maid of mine, with my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

"Yes," said the goat. "She went by here not long ago."

On and on went the old woman. When she came to the cow, she said, "Cow, cow of mine, did you see this maid of mine, with my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

"Yes," said the cow. "She went by here not long ago."

At last the old woman came to the mill. "Mill, mill of mine, did you see this maid of mine, with my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

"She is sleeping behind my door," said the mill.

So the old woman went in and struck the girl with a white rod. That turned her into a white stone. Then the woman took the long leather bag and went back to her house.

The girl was not back home in a year and a day. So her mother and sisters thought she was doing well. They did not know she was turned into a stone.

Then the second girl said, "Mother, it is too bad for me to sit here all the time. I ought to go away and find work. My sister is away working. Let me go too. I will come home in a year and a day if I do not find work."

So her mother gave her a lunch and she went away. She did just as her sister had done. She found the old woman's house and stayed to work for her.

She ran away with the long leather bag. The old woman ran after her and turned her into a white stone.

In a year and a day the youngest sister said, "Oh, mother, I want to go away to work. You are too poor to keep a big girl. My sisters have not come home. So they must be doing well. Let me go too."

So her mother gave her a lunch and she went away. She went away and away. She went till she came to the old woman's house.

The old woman was standing at the door.

"Where are you going?" she said to the girl.

"I am going to find work," said the girl.

“Will you come and work for me?” said the old woman, “I need a maid.”

“What shall I have to do?” said the girl.

“You will have to wash me and comb my hair and sweep the floor. But you must never look up the chimney.”

So the girl stayed to work for her. In the morning she washed the old woman and combed her hair, and the old woman went out.

The girl swept the floor clean. Then she thought about the chimney. She looked up it and saw her mother’s long leather bag. She took the bag on her back and started away home with it.

On her way she saw the horse. The horse said, “Rub me, rub me, I have not been rubbed in seven long years.”

“Poor horse,” said the girl. “It is too bad. I will rub you.”

So she laid down the bag and rubbed the horse. Then she went on. Soon she came to the sheep.

The sheep said, “Cut off my wool, cut off my wool. It has not been cut for seven long years.”

“Poor sheep,” said the girl. “I will cut your wool.” And she laid down the bag and cut the sheep’s wool.

Then she went on till she met the goat. The goat said, “Change my tether, change my tether. It has not been changed in seven long years.”

“Poor goat,” said the girl. “I will change your tether.” And she laid down the bag and changed the goat’s tether.

Next she came to the lime kiln. The lime kiln said, “Clean me, clean me. I have not been cleaned in seven long years.” “Poor lime kiln,” said the girl, “I will clean you.” So she laid down the bag and cleaned the lime kiln.

Then she ran on till she came to the cow. The cow said, “Milk me, milk me, I have not been milked in seven long years.” “Poor old cow,” said the girl, “I will milk you.” So she laid down the bag and milked the cow.

At last she came to the mill. The mill said, “Turn me, turn me. I have not been turned in seven long years.”

“Poor mill,” said the girl, “I will turn you.” And she laid down the bag and turned the mill.

It was night, so she went in and lay down behind the door. Soon she was asleep.

The old woman came home and did not see the girl. So she ran to the chimney and looked up it. The bag was gone.

The old woman was very angry. She started after the girl as fast as she could.

Soon she came to the horse. “Horse, horse of mine, did you see that maid of mine with my tig, with my

tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

But the horse said, "Do you think I have nothing to do but watch your maids for you? Go and ask somebody else."

Then she went to the sheep, "Sheep, sheep of mine, did you see that maid of mine, with my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

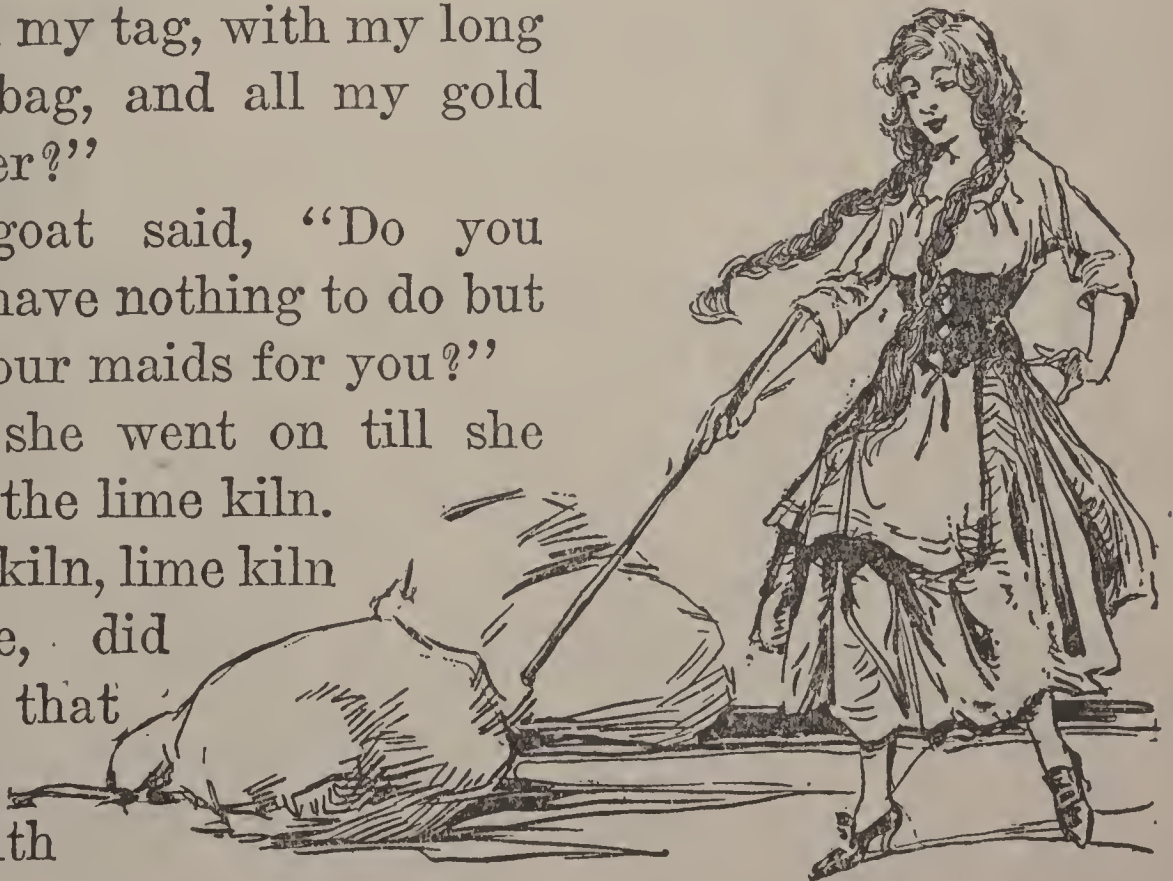
But the sheep said, "Do you think I have nothing to do but watch your maids for you? Go away. I am busy."

Then she went on till she came to the goat. "Goat, goat of mine, have you seen that maid of mine, with my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

The goat said, "Do you think I have nothing to do but watch your maids for you?"

Then she went on till she came to the lime kiln.

Lime kiln, lime kiln of mine, did you see that maid of mine, with



my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?"

"Do you think I have nothing to do but watch your maids for you?" said the lime kiln. "Go ask somebody else."

At last she came to the mill. "Mill, mill of mine, did you see that maid of mine, with my tig, with my tag, with my long leather bag, and all my gold and silver?" The mill said, "Come nearer and whisper to me. I know where she is."

The old woman was glad to hear that. She ran up so close that the wheel caught her and that was the end of her.

The old woman dropped the white stick out of her hand. The mill told the girl to touch the two white stones with it.

She did as she was told and her two sisters stood up before her.

They took turns carrying the long leather bag and soon they were at home. Their mother had been crying all the time they were away. She was glad to see them back. They were never poor again.

Adapted by permission from "Donegal Fairy Stories" by Seumas MacManus, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.

Peter Rabbit

ONCE upon a time there were four little rabbits. Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand bank under a tree.

“Now, my dears,” said old Mrs. Rabbit one day, “you may go into the fields and down the lane. But don’t go into Mr. McGregor’s garden. Your father had an accident there. Mrs. McGregor made a pie of him.

“Now run along and don’t get into mischief. I am going out.”

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took her basket and umbrella and went to the baker’s. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five cookies.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail were good little rabbits. They went down the lane to look for ripe blackberries.

But Peter was very naughty. He ran straight away to Mr. McGregor’s garden and squeezed in under the gate.

First he ate some lettuce. Then he ate some beans. Then he ate a radish. Then he began to feel ill. So he went to look for some parsley.

He met Mr. McGregor in the cucumber bed. Mr. McGregor was on his knees. But he jumped up and



ran after Peter. He had a long rake in his hand and he called, "Stop thief."

Peter was very much frightened. He ran all about the garden looking for the gate, but he had forgotten the way back to it.

He lost one shoe in the cucumber bed and the other shoe in the parsley bed.

After that he ran on four feet. So he went much faster. But he ran into a wire fence and got caught by the big buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons. It was new.

Peter thought he was lost and he began to cry. Some

friendly sparrows heard him and flew to him. They could hear Mr. McGregor coming and they begged Peter to pull hard.

Just then Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve. He thought he could pop it over Peter and catch him. But Peter wriggled out of his jacket just in time.

He rushed into the tool shed and jumped into a watering pot. It would have been a good place to hide but, it was full of water.

Mr. McGregor was sure Peter was in the tool shed. He began to lift up the empty flower pots to look for him. Then poor, wet Peter sneezed and Mr. McGregor was after him in no time.

He tried to put his foot on Peter. Peter jumped out of a little window and broke three flower pots. Mr. McGregor could not get out at the little window and he was tired running, so he gave Peter up and went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest. He was trembling and he did not know which way to go. He was very wet and tired.

After awhile he began to walk around slowly and look for the gate. He found a door in the wall. But it was locked, and he couldn't squeeze under it.

An old mouse was running in and out under the door. She was carrying beans to her children.

Peter asked the old mouse the way to the gate. She

had a big bean in her mouth and could not answer. So she shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

He tried once more to find the way out. He came to the pond where Mr. McGregor filled his watering pots. A white cat was staring into the water at some gold fish. She sat very still. Peter didn't wait to ask her the way. He had heard about cats from other rabbits.

Soon he heard a noise near him. It went scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch. Peter ran into the bushes. In a little while he peeped out. Then he crept out and climbed into the wheelbarrow.

He saw Mr. McGregor in the cucumber bed again. He was hoeing. His back was toward Peter. Peter was sitting up and he saw the gate on the other side of Mr. McGregor.

He got down very quietly and ran as fast as he could go behind some bushes.

Mr. McGregor saw him at the corner of the garden, but Peter did not care. He squeezed under the gate and was safe.

Mr. McGregor made a scarecrow of Peter's new jacket and shoes to frighten the birds.

Peter never stopped running. He never looked behind him. All he wanted was to get home. He was so tired he had to lie down and shut his eyes as soon as he got into the house.

His mother was busy getting supper. She wondered what he had done with his new jacket and shoes. It was the second pair of shoes and jacket in a week.

Peter told his mother where they were. She said he would have to go without any.

Peter's mother put him to bed. Then she made some camomile tea and gave Peter a dose.

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.



Mary's Lamb



Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one
day,—

That was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and
play,

To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and
laid

His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,—
You'll keep me from all
harm."

"What makes the lamb love
Mary so?"

The eager children cry.

"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you
know,"

The teacher did reply.

Beauty and the Beast

THERE was once a rich man who had three daughters and three sons. The girls were all beautiful, but the youngest was the most beautiful of all. She was always called Beauty.

The older girls were proud of their beauty. They were proud of their money. They were proud of their fine clothes.

Beauty liked her fine home. She liked her dresses and her rings. She liked to be beautiful. But she was not proud. She was kind to the poor. She often stayed at home from parties to sit with her father.

At last the father lost all his money, and had nothing left but a farm.

“My poor children,” he said. “You will have to live in the country. You will have to work hard. My money is all gone.” Tears ran down his cheeks as he said this.

The girls all cried, but Beauty soon wiped her eyes. She said, “Crying will not do any good.”

The other girls said, “We do not know how to work.” Beauty said, “We must learn how.”

There was no help for it. They had to go to the country to live.

The father and the three boys plowed the fields and planted the wheat.

Beauty was out of bed every morning at four o'clock. She made the fires, swept the house, and cooked the breakfast.

She found this hard work, but she soon began to grow used to it. She found time to read and sing. So she was not unhappy. Her cheeks grew rosy and red. She was more beautiful than ever.

The two sisters did nothing. They stayed in bed till ten o'clock. Then they sat in rocking-chairs and talked about being so poor.

The father heard that one of his ships had come in. He had thought it was lost.

He had to go to the city to see about the ship. The two girls begged him to bring them some new dresses.

"What shall I bring you, Beauty?"

"You need not spend any of the money for me. My dresses are very nice. I do not need new ones," said Beauty.

"Oh, let me bring you something," said the father.

"Well, then, bring me a rose," said Beauty. "We have none in our garden."

On the way home the father lost himself in the forest. Night came on. It rained and snowed very hard. The wind almost blew him from his horse. He was afraid he should die in the forest.

All at once he saw a light. He went to it and found a beautiful palace. The gates were open. He went in. The doors were open, but no one was to be seen.

There was a stable behind the palace. He put his poor horse into a stall and gave him some hay.

Then he went in at the door. No one was there. He went on till he came to a dining room. Still no one was to be seen.

He waited a long time but no one came. So he sat down and ate. He was trembling all the time.

He waited till twelve o'clock for some one to come. Then he thought he had better look about.

He opened all the doors he saw. In one room there was a bed. Being very tired he went to bed and soon fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock next day when he woke up. Beside the bed there was a new suit of clothes. His old ones were gone.

He dressed himself in the new clothes. Then he looked out at the window. He thought he would see snow on the ground. But there was no snow at all.

A beautiful rose garden was what he saw. "This must be fairyland," he thought.

He went and ate his breakfast. Then he went to feed his horse and get ready to go.

The roses made him think of Beauty. "I can at least take one rose for her," he thought. "The master

of the house will not care if I take one. There are so many.”

No sooner did his hand touch the rose than he heard a loud roar. A frightful beast came running toward him.

“Bad man,” roared the beast. “I let you come into my palace to save your life. Now you will take my roses. You shall die for this.”

The poor man fell upon his knees. “I promised to take my daughter a rose,” said he. “I did not think any one would care if I took one of these. There are so many.”

“You have a daughter,” roared the beast. “You may go now. But send your daughter to take your place. If she does not come, you must come back.”

The poor father thought he would go home and see his children. Then he could come back and die.

“Go to the room you slept in,” said the beast. “Fill a chest with anything you see there. I will send it to your house.”

The good man went to the room and filled the chest with money. Then he set off, and soon reached home.

The chest of money was there before he was. Nobody knew how it had come.

He gave Beauty the rose, and told her what it had cost him.

The two girls began to cry and blame Beauty. The

three brothers said, "Neither Beauty nor our father shall go. We will go and kill the beast."

"You cannot do that," said the father. "I am old. I will go."

Beauty would not do as her father said. In a few days she and her father went to the beast's palace.

The father put his horse into the stable. No one was to be seen. Then he and Beauty went into the palace. It was just as he had seen it before.

They ate supper, and then waited for the beast to come.

A loud roar sounded through the palace and the beast came rushing in.

"So here you are," said he to Beauty. "You are a good girl."

Then the beast went out and left them.

Beauty and her father went to bed.

In the morning Beauty said, "Go home, Father. I am not afraid. I think the beast will not hurt me." So her father went away.

When he was gone, Beauty began to look about. The palace was the most beautiful place she had ever seen.

Over one door was written, "Beauty's Room." This surprised her very much. She opened the door and looked in. It was the most beautiful room in all the world.

There were cases full of books and music. A grand piano stood open. Birds sang in golden cages.

“The beast cannot mean to eat me,” she thought. “I will not be afraid. I think he must be a good beast.”

At noon she found the table set for her. But no one was to be seen.

At night, when she sat down to eat, the beast came in. “May I see you eat?” said he.

“Yes, if you please,” said Beauty. But she was very much frightened.

“I will not stay if you do not want me. Do you think me very ugly?” said the beast.

Beauty always told the truth. So she said, “Yes, but I think you are very good.”

Beauty ate, and the beast stood near, looking at her. “Will you stay here always?” he asked.

“I will do as you wish,” said Beauty. “I came to die in my father’s place.”

Beauty began to be fond of the beast. He was so good to her.

At last she began to be homesick. She begged the beast to let her go home and visit her dear father and sisters and brothers. She said she would come back in a week.

The beast said she might. “Lay this ring on your table to-night. In the morning you will be at home.

At the end of the week lay the ring on your table at home. In the morning you will be here."

Beauty did as he said. In the morning she woke up in her own bed.

Her father kissed her a hundred times. He was so glad to see her. At the end of the week she thought she would stay just one more day with her father.

But the next night she laid the ring on the table. In the morning she was in the beast's palace.

She waited all day. No beast came. "Where can he be?" thought Beauty. "I will go and look for him."

Beauty found the poor beast lying in the rose garden. She thought he was dead. She began to cry, and some of her tears fell on his face.

In a moment the beast sprang to his feet. But he was a beast no longer. He was a handsome prince.



Half-Chick

ONCE upon a time a hen had ten little chickens. Nine of them were fine little chicks. But one of them was only half as large as his brothers. His mother called him Half-chick.

She felt very sad about her poor little son. She thought he would never grow big. She thought he could never take care of himself.

Half-chick's mother took good care of him. She wanted to keep him under her wing all the time.

But Half-chick was a bright little fellow. He did not want to stay under his mother's wing. He wanted to go out and see the world.

One day he said, "Mother, I am tired staying here. Let me go to see the king."

His mother began to cry, "Do not go away, Half-chick. You are too little. You will be killed. Stay with me. We will be happy at home."

But Half-chick did not want to stay. He wanted to

see the world and earn some money. So his mother let him go.

“Be a good chicken,” said she. “Be kind to everybody you meet. Come home soon. I shall not be happy until you come back.”

So Half-chick went on his way. In a field he came to a brook. It was choked with weeds and sand. Its water could not flow along.

“Half-chick, Half-chick,” cried the brook. “Come and help me. Take away the weeds and sand. They are in my way.”

Half-chick said, “I have no time to help you. I am going to see the king and I will not stop.” So on he went.

Then he came to a fire. The fire was dying. It would soon be dead.

“Half-chick, Half-chick, help me,” cried the fire. “I am dying. I shall soon be dead. Feed me some dry leaves and sticks.”

Half-chick said, “I have no time to feed fires. Feed yourself. I am going to see the king. I have no time to waste.”

Soon it was night. Half-chick slept in a little tree. He was on his way bright and early in the morning. He did not think about the little brook and the fire.

The wind was caught among the branches of a big oak tree. It could not get away.

“Half-chick, Half-chick, help me,” cried the wind. “I can not get away. I am dying. Help me.”

“I can’t stay here all morning,” said Half-chick. “I am going to see the king. Get loose yourself.”

Soon Half-chick saw the king’s palace. He thought he would stand at the door and wait for the king.

The cook looked out and saw him. “Here is just what I want,” said he. “I’ll catch that chicken and make soup of him.”

So he caught Half-chick and put him into a pot to boil.

Half-chick was frightened. He said, “Water, water, do not wet me. I do not like it.”

“Half-chick,” said the water, “you would not help me when I was in the brook. The cook caught me and put me in this pot to make soup. I cannot help you now.”

Then the fire began to burn. Half-chick hopped up and down. “Fire, fire, do not burn me,” he said. “It hurts me.”

“Half-chick,” said the fire, “you would not feed me when I was dying in the woods. Now I cannot help you.”

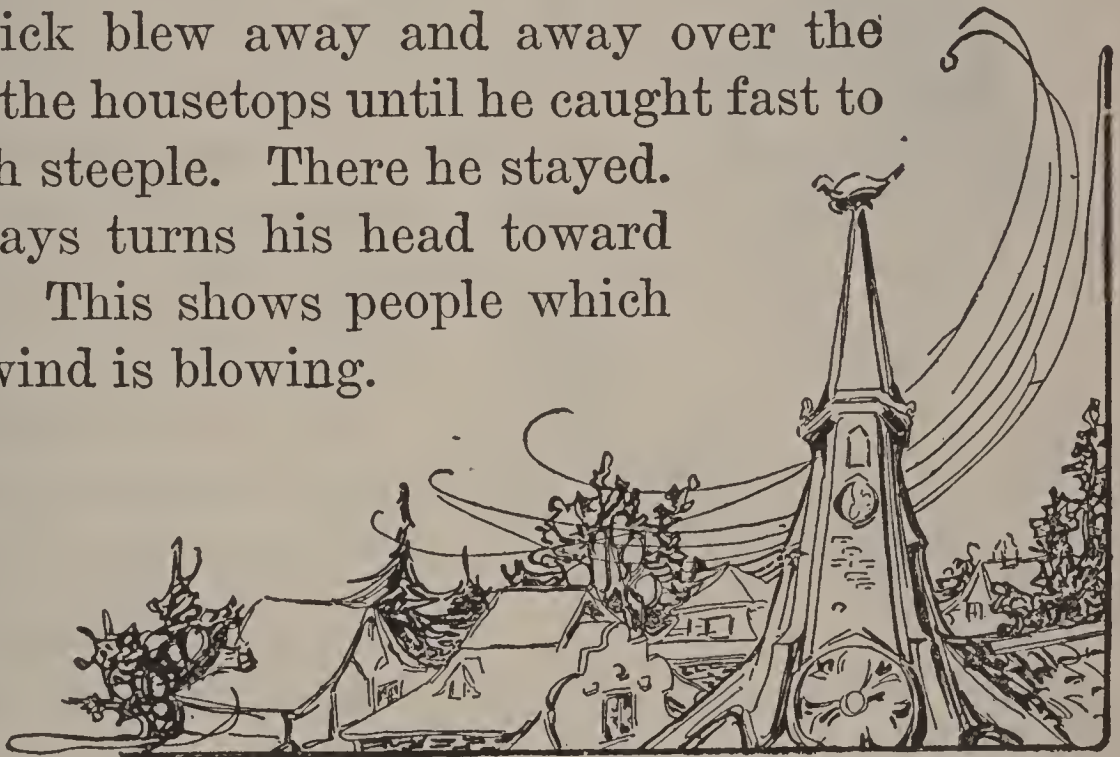
The cook looked into the pot. The water was all gone. The fire was dead. Half-chick was burned black. The cook threw him out of the window. The wind caught him up and blew him away very fast.

“Do not blow me away so fast,” said Half-chick.
“You will kill me. Please put me down.”

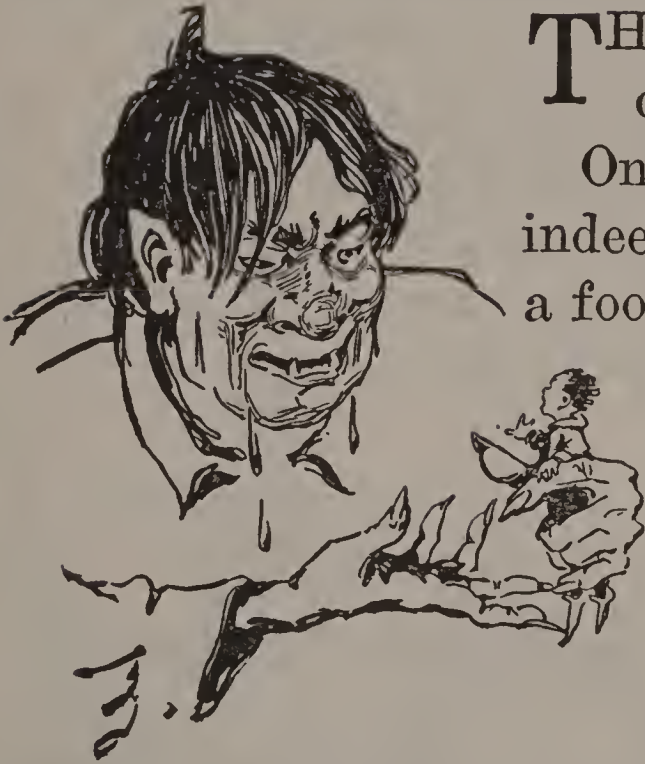
“Half-chick,” said the wind, “you would not help me when I was caught in the oak tree. Now I cannot help you.”

Half-chick blew away and away over the trees and the housetops until he caught fast to the church steeple. There he stayed.

He always turns his head toward the wind. This shows people which way the wind is blowing.



Hop-O'-My Thumb



THERE once lived a poor wood cutter who had seven boys. One of them was very tiny indeed. He was not more than a foot high, but he had very good sense. His name was Hop-O'-My-Thumb.

Not one of the boys was large enough to work and the poor father found it very hard to keep them.

At last there was nothing left to eat. The father said to the mother, "You see there is nothing for the boys to eat. We cannot see them starve before our eyes. Let us take them out into the forest and leave them. Some rich man may find them and take care of them."

The poor mother cried for a long time. At last she said she would do as the father wished.

Hop-O'-My-Thumb heard all of this talk. He lay awake nearly all night thinking what he could do.

Early in the morning he filled his pockets with little white stones.

Soon the father and mother took the children out into the forest. Hop-O'-My-Thumb dropped the little white stones all along the way.

When they were deep in the forest the father and mother slipped away.

The children soon saw they were alone and began to cry. "Do not cry," said Hop-O'-My-Thumb. "I will take you home."

Late at night they came to the house, but they were afraid to go in. So they stood outside the door.

That day a man paid the wood cutter some money he owed him.

The poor mother was crying because the children were gone. "If we only had them back, we could feed them," she said.

The children heard her and ran in. Their mother kissed them all a dozen times. Then she went out and bought meat enough for supper.

The money lasted a long time. When it was all gone, there was nothing to eat. So the poor father and mother decided to take the children out into the forest again.

Again Hop-O'-My-Thumb heard what was said. In the morning he tried to get some more stones. But the door was locked.

He had a piece of bread for his breakfast. He did not eat it, but put it into his pocket.

On the way to the forest he dropped crumbs. But the birds ate them. When Hop-O'-My-Thumb tried to find the way home he could not.

Night came and the children were afraid. It began to rain and made them wet and cold.

Hop-O'-My-Thumb climbed a tree. Far away he saw a light.

They walked and walked and walked. At last they came to the light. It was in a large house.

They knocked at the door. It was opened by a very pleasant woman.

Hop-O'-My-Thumb told her they were lost. All the children begged her to let them in.

"Poor children," said she, "this house belongs to a giant. He eats children. Run away as fast as you can."

"We cannot stay in the forest," said Hop-O'-My-Thumb. "The wolves will eat us. Perhaps the giant will be sorry for us."

The giant's wife thought she might hide the boys. So she let them come in.

She hid them under a bed at once. It was not a moment too soon, for the giant came stamping in to his supper.

In a minute he shouted. "I smell strangers. Where are they?" He went snuffing about like a dog until he found the boys.

He pulled them all out and looked at them. "I will have these boys for dinner to-morrow. Feed them well to-night, wife, and put them to bed."

The poor woman was afraid of him, so she did just as he said. But she whispered to them to run away in the morning.

Hop-O'-My-Thumb stayed awake all night. Early in the morning he woke all the boys. The giant was still asleep. The boys slipped out at a window that was left open for them.

Away they all ran. They never thought of stopping to rest. They ran and ran.

The giant woke up late and found the boys gone. "I will soon catch them," he said.

He put on his seven league boots and went out. It took him a long time to find the road the boys had taken.

At last he found it and set off. The boys heard him coming and hid under a rock.

The giant came and sat down on that very rock. His feet were tired, so he took off his boots to rest. He leaned his head back against a tree and in two minutes he was fast asleep.

Hop-O'-My-Thumb crept out and looked at him. Then he put on the seven league boots. It is very strange, but they were a good fit for him. They were fairy boots and would fit any foot.

Hop-O'-My-Thumb took the boys away and hid them in a hollow tree. Then he ran all about till he found the way home.

He showed the boys the way, but he went to find the king. There was a war going on at that time. The king was glad to have Hop-O'-My-Thumb to carry messages.

Before long Hop-O'-My-Thumb had his pockets full of gold. When the war was over he went home and found his father and mother as poor as ever. So he gave them all the gold he had.

Hop-O'-My-Thumb stayed in the king's army. He always had enough money to send home and he went home as often as he could.

He was very fond of his father and mother so he was glad to make them rich.

The father and mother and brothers were all very proud of Hop-O'-My-Thumb.

A Swallowtail Butterfly

ONE day a beautiful butterfly went flitting along in the sunshine. It looked like a flower, or a jewel that had taken wings.

The butterfly was velvety black. Its wings were spotted and barred with yellow and blue-green like the colors in a peacock's tail.

The wings were scalloped at the edges. The hind pair had two scallops longer than the others. This made the butterfly look as if it had a tail like a swallow.

Here and there the butterfly flitted. It looked as if it had nothing in the world to do but to enjoy itself.

It did have something to do. It was looking for a parsley plant. By and by it found one in the vegetable garden. Like a flash it darted down out of sight. Then it flew up again and went on its way.

On the under side of the parsley leaf the butterfly left a little greenish-white egg. The egg was so small that no chicken would think of picking it off.

The leaf sheltered the egg from sun and rain.

In a short time a tiny black caterpillar came out. It had a white spot on its back.

The caterpillar was very tiny indeed. When it was still it could hardly be seen. Small as it was, it knew

just what to do. It was a baby caterpillar, and the business of all babies is to eat and sleep.

Parsley leaves are just what such caterpillars like for food, and this one began at once to eat. It soon made a hole in the leaf. When it was tired, it lay still and slept.

The little caterpillar cared for nothing but eating. It did not see the blue sky and the bright flowers. Its world was all green and all made to eat.

No matter how much it ate, the little caterpillar was still hungry. Eating so much made it grow very fast. It was soon too large for its skin, and what do you think it did then? It burst its skin down the back and slipped out of it, just as a little girl might take off her dress when it has been unbuttoned.

The caterpillar came out in a bright new skin. This skin was of a very different color from the old skin. It was even a brighter green than the parsley plant. It had black stripes with orange spots in them across the back.

The skin was soft at first. It stretched to fit the caterpillar, which was much larger than it had been. The caterpillar was hungry as usual and soon began to eat.

Time went on until the caterpillar again found its skin too tight. Again all it had to do was to burst the old skin and come out fine and new and much larger.

This it did four or five times. Each time it grew more noticeable.

Under a fold of the skin near its head, it had two small orange-colored horns. It could put these horns out in a way that was enough to frighten anybody. Whenever it was disturbed, out came the little horns making a heavy, unpleasant smell.

Two birds had a nest in that same garden. By the time the caterpillar was full grown, they had three little birds.

These little birds were always hungry too. They were poor naked little creatures. They needed plenty of food to make them grow, and to give them a nice coat of feathers such as their parents wore.

At the first peep of day the little birds were awake, crying for food, and the old birds were awake and away to find it for them. All day long the father and mother were busy bringing worms, caterpillars, butterflies, bugs—anything that little birds like. All day long three little mouths were wide open as soon as the flutter of wings was heard.

The old birds spied the caterpillar on the parsley and went to look at it. Out came the horns. "That is not a good caterpillar," said the mother bird. "See its horns. See the stripes on its back. That kind of caterpillar has a bad taste and makes birds ill. Come away. Do not touch it."

Away flew the two birds. They had no time to waste on caterpillars that could not be eaten.

One day the caterpillar lost its appetite. It felt like leaving the pleasant green plant where it had lived so long and so happily.

It crept down to the ground and crawled away very fast. It spent some time in crawling about. Then it crept up on a low bush. Soon it had spun a little point of silk on the under side of a twig. Then its skin split down the back and it drew itself carefully out. It fastened its last pair of legs to the little point of silk on the twig. After that it spun a silken thread about its body to hold it up.

In a very short time the green caterpillar had turned into a dull-colored chrysalis. The chrysalis was rough like bark and had a ridge down the back. It looked very much like the twig.

Anybody might have thought that the caterpillar was dead. But it was not dead. It was still alive in a new form, but it did not move.

In a few weeks the chrysalis split on the part that looks like a head. A blue and black butterfly dragged itself slowly out.

This butterfly looked very different from those that are seen flying about on a summer day. It was damp and weak. Its wings were crumpled and small. Its body was stretched out like a worm when it is crawling.

The butterfly crept slowly to a place where it could hang by its claws. There it stayed with its wings hanging straight down. It began to breathe deeply and to wave its wings in the air.

The butterfly grew stronger as time passed by. In a few hours the poor, wet, weak, crawling thing had become a creature of the air. It had four beautiful wings. It had a slender graceful body. It had six velvety legs. It was a swallowtail butterfly.



Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

Christina Rossetti

Thistle Seed



Thistle seed, thistle seed,
Fly away, fly;
The hair on your body
Will take you up high.

Let the wind whirl you
Around and around;
You'll not hurt yourself
When you fall to the
ground.

From the Chinese

Billy Beg and His Bull

ONCE upon a time there were a king and queen who had one son called Billy Beg. The queen gave Billy a bull. Billy was very fond of the bull and the bull was very fond of Billy.

When Billy was grown to be a young man the queen died. With her last breath, she asked the king not to part Billy and his bull. The king promised, come what might, come what may, he never would.

After some time the king married again. The new queen did not like Billy and she liked his bull still less. She tried to get the king to kill the bull, but the king would not break his promise. So the queen went to a witch to ask what to do.

The witch said, "What will you give me to rid you of the bull?"

"Anything you ask," said the queen.

"Very well, then," said the witch, "you take to your bed very ill, and call me for your nurse."

So the queen took to her bed very ill, and the witch was called. When the king came in to see how the queen was, the witch said, "There is only one thing that will save her life?"

"What is that?" said the king.

“Three mouthfuls of the blood of Billy Beg’s bull,” said the witch.

But the king would not hear of breaking his promise to Billy’s mother.

The queen grew worse and worse for three days, and then the king gave up and said the bull should be killed.

When Billy heard that his bull was to be killed he became very down-hearted, and went about looking very sad. The bull saw him and asked what was wrong. Billy told the bull what was wrong, and the bull said, “Cheer up. Do as I tell you, and the queen will never get any of my blood.”

The next day the bull was led up to be killed and Billy came and stood near him. “Jump on my back, Billy,” said the bull, and up Billy jumped.

With that the bull leaped nine miles high, nine miles deep, and nine miles broad, and came down with Billy sticking between his horns. Then away he rushed over the top of the queen and away he ran where you wouldn’t know night from day nor day from night, over high hills and low hills, sheep walks and bullock traces, the Cove of Cork, and old Tom Fox with his bugle horn.

At last they stopped. “Now Billy,” said the bull, “put your hand into my left ear and take out a napkin you will find there. When you spread the napkin out,

it will be covered with eating and drinking fit for a king.”

Billy did as he was told. Sure enough, when he spread the napkin out, it was covered with eating and drinking fit for a king. Billy ate and drank and put the napkin back where he got it.

Then says the bull, “Put your hand into my right ear and you will find a stick. Wave the stick three times and it will be turned into a sword and give you the strength of a thousand men. When you have no need of a sword it will turn back into a stick again.”

Billy did as he was told. Then said the bull, “At twelve o’clock to-morrow, I shall have to meet and fight a great bull. So get on my back and let us be off.”

So Billy jumped on the bull’s back, and away went the bull, where you wouldn’t know night from day nor day from night, over high hills and low hills, sheep walks and bullock traces, the Cove of Cork, and old Tom Fox and his bugle horn. There he met the other bull and they fought, and such a fight was never seen before nor since. They knocked the soft ground into hard, and the hard into soft, the soft into spring wells, the spring wells into rocks, and the rocks into high hills.

They fought till Billy Beg’s bull killed the other. Then Billy took out the napkin and had a good dinner. After dinner the bull said to Billy, “To-morrow at

twelve o'clock, I have to meet the brother of the bull I have just killed. He is bigger than the other bull and I shall have a hard fight."

So Billy got on the bull's back again and the bull started off and away again where you wouldn't know night from day nor day from night, over high hills and low hills, sheep walks and bullock traces, the Cove of Cork, and old Tom Fox with his bugle horn. There they met the brother of the bull that Billy's bull had killed and they at it and fought.

The like of the fight was never seen before or since. They knocked the soft ground into hard and the hard into soft, the soft into spring wells, and the spring wells into rocks, and the rocks into high hills.

They fought long and hard and at last Billy's bull killed the other bull. Then Billy ate and drank as before and the bull said, "To-morrow I must meet and fight the brother of the two bulls I killed. He is stronger than the others and will kill me. When I am dead take the napkin and the stick with you. Then you will never be hungry, and with the stick you can overcome any thing you fight with. Cut a strip of my hide for a belt. As long as you wear the belt nothing can kill you."

Billy was very sorry to hear that the bull would be killed but he got on his back and they started off and away where you wouldn't know night from day

nor day from night, over high hills and low hills, sheep walks and bullock traces, the Cove of Cork, and old Tom Fox with his bugle horn.

Sure enough, the next day at twelve, they met the great bull, and the two bulls at it and fought.

Such a fight was never seen before or since. They knocked the soft ground into hard, and the hard into soft, the soft into spring wells, the spring wells into rocks, and the rocks into high hills. They fought long, but at last the other bull killed Billy's.

Billy was so sorry that he sat beside his bull two days without eating and cried all the time. Then he cut himself a belt of the bull's hide and set off with the napkin and the stick to seek his fortune. After three days he came to a farm that belonged to an old gentleman.

Billy asked the old gentleman for work. The old gentleman said he wanted such a boy to herd the cattle. Billy asked what cattle he would have to herd and what wages he would get.

"Three goats, three cows, three horses, and three donkeys," said the old gentleman, "but no boy that goes to herd them ever comes home alive. There are three giants, brothers, that come to milk the goats and cows, and always kill the herd boy, so we will not say what wages till we see if you come back alive."

"All right," said Billy.

So next morning he got up early, drove out the three goats, the three cows, the three horses, and the three donkeys to the pasture field.

At noon Billy heard three terrible roars that shook the nuts off the trees, and up came a giant with three heads.

“You are too big for one bite, and too small for two,” said the giant, “What shall I do with you?”

“I’ll fight you,” said Billy.

Billy soon made a sword of his stick by swinging it three times round his head.

“How shall I kill you? Shall it be by a swing from the back, a cut of the sword, or by a blow from my fist?”

“By a swing from the back if you can,” said Billy.

So they both laid hold, and Billy lifted the giant off his feet and brought him down so hard that he sank into the ground up to his arms.

“Oh, have mercy,” said the giant.

But Billy cut off his heads with his sword.

It was evening when the fight was over. So Billy drove home the three goats, three cows, the three horses, and the three donkeys. All the pails and kettles and bowls in the house wouldn’t hold the milk the cows gave that night.

“Well,” said the old gentleman, “you are the first herd boy that ever came back alive, and this is the

first time the cows ever gave any milk. Didn't you see anything in the pasture?"

"Nothing worse than myself," said Billy. "What about my wages now?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I think you won't come back alive to-morrow, so we will wait and see."

Next morning the old gentleman told Billy something must have happened to one of the giants, for he had only heard two of them roaring.

After breakfast Billy set off with the three goats, the three cows, the three horses, and the three donkeys. About twelve he heard six terrible roars that shook the nuts off the trees and made his hair stand on end, and along came a frightful giant with six heads.

"You killed my brother yesterday," roared the giant with his six mouths, but I will pay you to-day. You are too big for one bite and too small for two. What shall I do with you?"

"I'll fight you," said Billy, swinging his stick three times round his head to make it turn into a sword and give him the strength of a thousand men.

The giant laughed at his size and said, "How shall I kill you? With a swing from the back, a cut of the sword, or a blow from my fist?"

"With a swing from the back, if you can," said Billy.

So they both laid hold and Billy lifted him off his feet and sunk him into the ground up to his arms.

“Oh, mercy,” cried the giant, but Billy cut off his six heads.

It was evening by that time and Billy drove the three goats, the three cows, the three horses and the three donkeys to the barn. The milk the cows gave that night overflowed all the pails and kettles and bowls in the house. Running out it made a brook and turned an old mill that hadn't been turned in thirty years.

The old gentleman was ten times as much surprised to see Billy alive as he had been the day before.

“Didn't you see anything in the pasture to-day?” said he.

“Nothing worse than myself,” said Billy. “What about my wages now?”

“Never mind about your wages till to-morrow,” said the old gentleman. “If you come back alive, we'll see then.”

In the morning the old gentleman said, “I only heard one giant roaring last night. The other two must be ill.”

“Perhaps they are dead,” said Billy, as he drove out the three goats, the three cows, the three horses, and the three donkeys.

At noon Billy heard so many roars, he couldn't count them. He looked about and saw a giant as big as the other two together, with twelve heads.

“You villain,” roared the giant. “You killed my

two brothers, but I'll be even with you. You are too big for one bite and too small for two. How would you rather be killed—by a swing from the back, or a cut from the sword, or by a blow from the fist?"

"By a swing from the back," said Billy, waving his stick three times around his head.

The giant laughed at Billy's size and they both laid hold. Billy swung the giant in the air and sunk him into the ground, just as he had the other two. Then he cut off his twelve heads and drove home the three goats, the three horses, and the three donkeys.

The milk that the cows gave that night ran down into a valley, where it made a lake three miles long, and three miles wide, and three miles deep.

"Did you see nothing in the pasture to-day?" said the old gentleman.

"Nothing worse than myself," said Billy. "What about my wages now?"

"You are a good herd boy," said the old gentleman, "and I can't get along well without you, so I will give you whatever you ask."

Next morning the old gentleman said to Billy, "I heard none of the giants roaring last night. I wonder what has happened to them?"

"Perhaps they are all dead," said Billy.

"Well, good luck to the lad that killed them then," said the old gentleman. "Now you must mind the

cattle again to-day, Billy, while I go to see the fight.”

“What fight?” said Billy.

“The king’s daughter is going to be devoured by a fiery dragon, if somebody doesn’t kill it,” said the old gentleman. “The greatest fighter in the kingdom has been practicing for three months to get ready for the fight. If he can kill the dragon the king will give him the princess for his wife.”

Billy drove the three goats, the three cows, and the three horses, and the three donkeys to pasture. While they were feeding he watched the people go by. Never had he seen the like of it. They went in coaches and carriages, on horses and donkeys and oxen, and riding and running and walking.

“Why don’t you come to see the fight, my boy?” said a man who passed by.

“Would they let me in?” said Billy.

“Of course they would,” said the man. “Everybody is to have a seat.”

When they were all gone, Billy put on the old gentleman’s best suit and rode off to see the fight on the best horse in the stable.

At the king’s palace, Billy saw the king’s daughter with the whole court sitting around her on a high platform. Down below the great warrior, who was to fight the dragon, was walking up and down with three men to carry his sword,

But when the fiery dragon came up roaring and spitting fire from every one of his twelve heads, the great warrior ran away and hid himself in a well, up to his mouth in water.

Then the princess began to weep and say, "Will nobody fight the dragon and save my life?"

Nobody stirred until Billy put his hide belt around his waist, waved his stick three times around his head, and after a terrible fight, killed the dragon.

Everybody ran to look at the dead dragon. While they were looking, Billy jumped upon his horse and was running away. Nobody noticed him but the princess. She caught his foot and tried to hold him, but he slipped away from her leaving his shoe in her hand.

Billy had changed his clothes and brought in all the cattle by the time the old gentleman got home. The old gentleman began at once to tell him about the great fight, how the warrior had hidden in the well, and how a handsome young man had come down out of the clouds on a black horse, killed the dragon, and flown up into the sky again. "Wasn't it wonderful?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, very wonderful," said Billy.

After that it was given out that all the young men in the kingdom should come to the king's palace to try on the shoe. When the day came Billy was in the

pasture as usual with the three cows, the three horses, the three goats, and the three donkeys.

Everybody called to him, "Aren't you going to try on the shoe?"

"They wouldn't let the like of me try it on," said Billy.

When the people had all passed by, there came a ragged man like a scarecrow, his clothes were so old. Billy stopped him and said, "How much boot will you take and trade clothes with me?"

"No jokes about my ragged clothes," said the man.

But Billy let him know that he was in earnest. So they traded clothes and Billy gave the ragged man boot.

Billy started off to the palace with the ragged clothes on his back and a stick in his hand. When he got there everybody was crowding and pushing to get a chance to try the shoe on. But it fitted nobody.

Then Billy said, "Let me try it." All the people laughed, because he was so ragged. But the princess told them to let him try on the shoe. Then they stopped laughing, for the shoe fitted Billy exactly.

So Billy married the princess and the wedding lasted nine days, and nine hours, and nine minutes, and nine seconds, and they lived happy for ever after.

Adapted by permission from "In Chimney Corners" by Seumas MacManus, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.



A Thought

IT is very nice to think
The world is full of
meat and drink,
With little children saying
grace
In every Christian kind of
place.

R. L. Stevenson



Benjy in Beastland

BENJY was a naughty boy. It is sad to say but it is the truth. He hated bathtubs and soap and water. He liked to lie in bed late and he never took the time to wash himself clean.

Benjy was the only boy in the family, but he had two little sisters. They were younger than he was and Benjy often showed how much he disliked to play with them.

One of the little girls said one day, "Benjy does not like us because we are only girls, so we have taken Nox for our brother." Nox was a big black dog with snow-white teeth and beautiful brown eyes.

Benjy was unkind to all animals. He would annoy them or hurt them or even kill them.

Near Benjy's home there was an old willow-tree. The branches stretched out like long arms till they almost touched the water.

Here Benjy often drowned the neighbors' cats. Nox used to swim in and bring out what Benjy had thrown into the water. So Benjy was sometimes found out and punished. This made him dislike Nox very much.

There was another dog in the family called Mr. Rough. His eyes had been almost scratched out by

cats. His poor little body showed the marks of many beatings. He had a hoarse voice, which sounded as if he had a bad cold.

If Benjy liked any animal in the world it was Mr. Rough, but he was often very unkind to the poor little dog.

One day Benjy felt very naughty. He went out and found poor little Mr. Rough and kicked him. So Mr. Rough ran away and Benjy could not find him. But he found another boy as naughty as himself stoning a little dog.

Benjy helped him, and soon a stone struck the poor little dog and killed him. The two boys threw the little dog into the river and ran home.

Benjy went to bed early, but he could not sleep. He kept thinking of the little dog and wishing he had not thrown him into the river.

He did not care about the dog, but he was afraid Nox would bring him out. Then Benjy would be punished.

At last Benjy got up and went softly out to the willow tree. He looked up through the branches at the moon. It looked so close that he thought he could touch it from the top of the tree.

While he was looking, he thought of a book he had read. The book said that animals go to the moon when they leave the earth.

“I wonder if the dog I killed last night is up there?” thought Benjy.

Just then the Man in the Moon looked down and said, “This is beastland. Won’t you come and see if the dog is here? Can you climb?”

“I guess I can,” said Benjy, and he climbed to the top of the tree. All he could see was a shining white light.

“Walk right in,” said the Man in the Moon. “Don’t be afraid.” So Benjy stepped into the moon and found himself in beastland. It was a beautiful place. There were more beasts than in any show. They were very polite to each other and Benjy felt quite at home.

A good old spider wanted to show him how to make a web, so she said to Benjy, “When you are ready, look around and find a place to tie your first thread. You have a ball of thread inside of you, of course.”

“I can’t say that I have,” said Benjy, “but I have some strings in my pocket.”

“Oh well,” said the spider, “that is all right. It is just the same whether it is in your pocket or inside of you.”

Just then a little bird flew in and whispered to an animal. That animal whispered to another.

In a few minutes they all knew what kind of boy Benjy was. They all called him Boy and that is as bad in beastland as beast is to us.

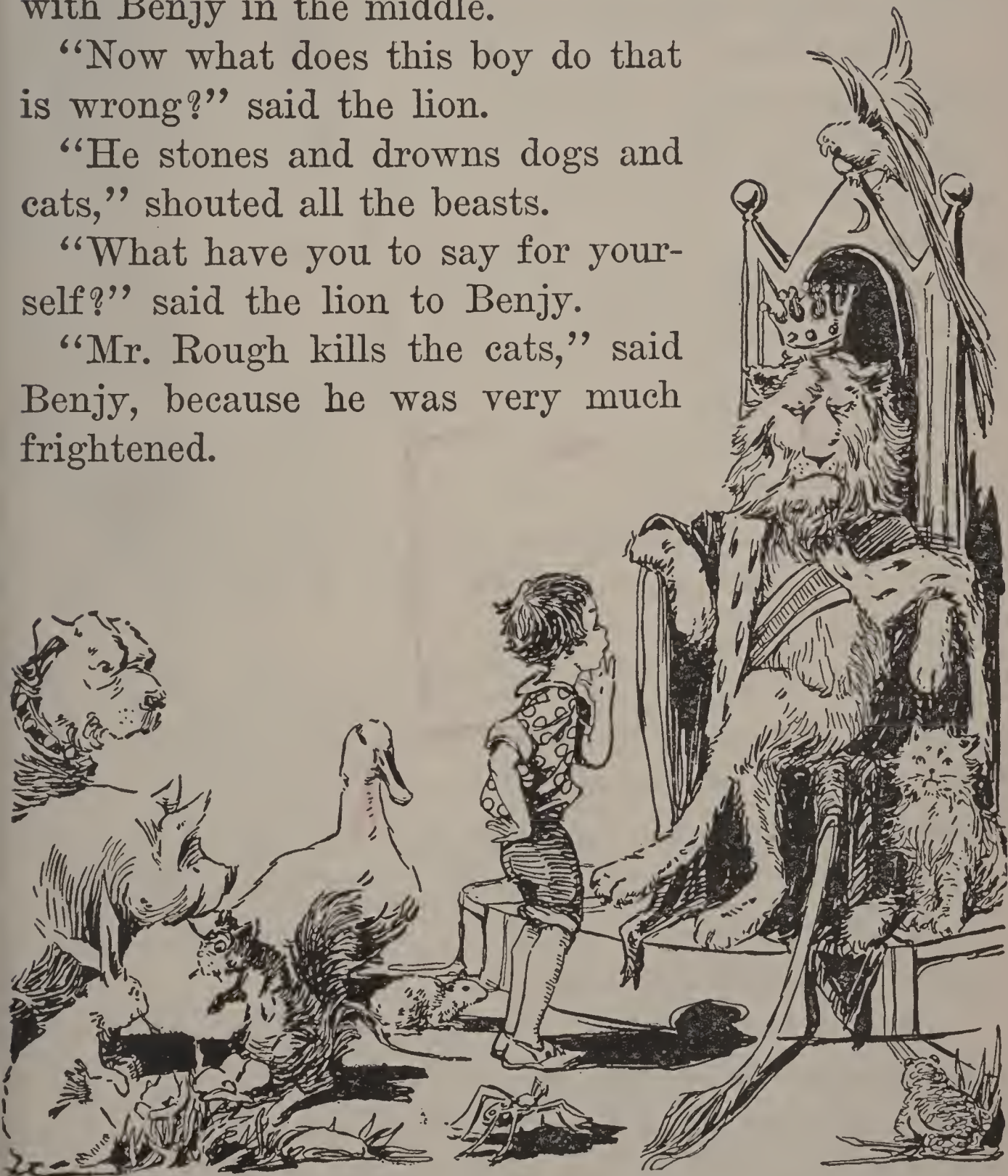
Benjy was taken before the lion, who is the king of beasts. The beasts sat in a circle with Benjy in the middle.

“Now what does this boy do that is wrong?” said the lion.

“He stones and drowns dogs and cats,” shouted all the beasts.

“What have you to say for yourself?” said the lion to Benjy.

“Mr. Rough kills the cats,” said Benjy, because he was very much frightened.



“WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?” SAID THE LION”

“Very well, we will send for Mr. Rough,” said the lion.

In a little while Mr. Rough came into the circle.

“Mr. Rough,” said the lion, “Benjy says that you killed the cats.” “Well,” said Mr. Rough, looking very angry, “Am I to blame? bow-wow! Who taught me to do it? It was that boy, bow-wow!” Then Mr. Rough said that Benjy had made him kill cats so often that he had learned to like it.

All the beasts were very angry when they heard this. They said Benjy must be punished.

The lion walked around Benjy several times roaring as loud as he could. Then he said, “Gentle beasts, Benjy must be punished, but we will not kill him. We will tie a tin can to him and drive him out of beastland.”

The tin can was tied on Benjy at once, and the lion gave a great roar for the animals to begin.

Benjy was driven out of beastland with Mr. Rough at his heels. When he came to the edge of the moon he jumped off and Mr. Rough jumped after him.

Down, down they fell, Benjy screaming all the time and Mr. Rough barking.

After a long time, Benjy saw the river below him. In another minute he was sinking.

He came to the top and sank again. Then he came up again, and Nox was on the bank.

He thought how often he had hurt Nox and then he could think no more. Nox jumped into the water, caught Benjy and swam out with him. He laid him under a tree and ran to the house.

Benjy had been missed. All the family were looking for him. They followed Nox and Benjy was carried home.

Benjy was ill a long time. When he was a little better, he told of his visit to beastland.

His mother told him it was a dream he had while he was ill, but Benjy thought he had really been to beastland, and it made a much better boy of him.

Another thing happened while he was getting well that made a kind boy of him for life.

Mr. Rough could not get in to see Benjy while he was sick. This made the little dog unhappy. He could not eat and he got thinner and weaker every day.

One day Mr. Rough found the door open and he crept softly into Benjy's room.

Benjy heard him and sat up. Mr. Rough jumped on the bed and Benjy held out his arms.

Poor little Mr. Rough sprang in Benjy's arms and fell dead. Benjy felt so sorry that it kept him from getting well for a long time.

All that long time he lay in bed and thought how Mr. Rough had loved him, and he shed many tears. This did him good. He was never again cruel to animals.

The Naughty Little Mouse



THERE was once a naughty little mouse. Oh, she was very bad. She didn't believe anything her mother told her.

She didn't believe there was a cat. She didn't even believe there was a Santa Claus.

Her mother would say to her, "My dear child, do not play in the moonlight in the middle of the night. The cat will get you."

"I don't believe there is such a thing as a cat," the naughty little mouse would say.

One night the little mouse woke up. The moon was bright as day. Her mother was sound asleep.

"I will get up and dance in the moonlight," said she. So she crept out of bed very softly, but her little brothers heard her.

"We will tell mother," they all said. "Tell-tale, tell-tale," said the naughty little mouse.

"We aren't tell-tales," said the brothers. "Then

don't tell mother," said the little mouse. So they didn't.

The little mouse had a good time all by herself. She hippety-hopped, and danced, and walked on her hind toes, and turned somersaults in the moonlight.

Her little brothers whispered, "The cat will get you if you don't watch out." But she didn't mind.

All at once a great creature with eyes like balls of fire came springing through the air.

The little mouse screamed, "Mammy," and ran, but she did not get away in time. The cat bit off her beautiful, long tail.

This made her better for a little while. But she was soon as naughty as ever. She even played in the moonlight again. But she watched for the cat and always got away.

On Christmas eve the mother asked what the children wanted Santa Claus to bring.

They all wanted cheese. The mother said, "You are very wise little mice. Nothing can be better than cheese. You must go to bed very early. If Santa Claus finds you awake he may not come in."

When the others were asleep the naughty little mouse said right out loud, "I don't believe there is any Santa Claus. I am going out to dance in the moonlight."

The cat was hiding near by. When she heard what the noisy little mouse said she laughed till she shook.

“Now I will get that naughty little mouse,” said she.

A little girl who lived there had left her muff on the table. The cat crept through the muff so that she could walk with it on. Then she put a little fur mitten on her head for a cap.

The naughty little mouse stood on her head and then



turned a dozen somersaults. When she came down there sat the cat.

“Oh my, who are you?” said the naughty little mouse.

“I am Santa Claus,” said the cat in a deep voice. The little mouse kept still and stared and stared.

In a minute the cat made a spring and caught her, and that was the end of the poor, naughty little mouse who didn't believe in Santa Claus.

Adapted from Eugene Field

The Workman King

ABOUT two hundred years ago there was born in Russia, a prince called Peter.

The Russians of that time were a wild, half-savage people. They considered their own manners and customs the best in the world. Therefore they despised people of other countries and did not wish to know anything about them.

Very few foreigners ever came into Russia. Very few Russians ever traveled in other countries. A Russian who wished to leave his own country, even for a visit, could not do so without permission from the Czar.

The Prince Peter grew up as rough and savage as his people. He was ignorant of many things that were known by the poorest workingmen in other countries. But he was so intelligent and eager to learn that he soon learned everything that could be studied in his own country.

When he was a small boy, he was sent to a country place to live. There he had fifty boys of his own age for playmates, and was allowed to do just as he pleased.

He formed the boys into a little army and they learned to drill like regular soldiers. He himself began

at the beginning with the boys. They built a fort which was not a play fort, but such a fort as was used at that time.

Peter did not always command. He took his turn with the others and worked as hard as they did.

A workshop had been given to the boys. In building the fort, Peter used a wheelbarrow which he had made with his own hands. He learned to drum as the drummer boys in the army did, so that he understood all the signals and could give them.

When Peter was but ten years old, he became Czar of Russia. His sister Sophia was appointed to take his place until he grew old enough.

So the prince went on for some time, drilling his boy soldiers and building forts, caring very little for being Czar. But when he was seventeen years old, he took the power into his own hands and became real ruler of Russia.

One day when he was walking with one of his officers, he saw an old building which was locked. His curiosity led him to have it opened. On looking through the building, he found a little sailboat. This boat had been sent to one of the czars by the king of another country.

Peter had never seen such a boat. He was curious to see it in the water. After some time he found a German who could sail the boat. He then learned to sail it himself.

Peter was now anxious to have more boats built. So he found one or two foreigners to help him, and, together, they built a much larger boat. Peter himself worked until his hands were as hard as any working man's.

Peter now began to see that the people of other countries were much more civilized than the Russians. So he set to work to make the Russians equal to other nations.

His greatest trouble was his own ignorance. This he determined to overcome by bringing foreigners into Russia and by traveling.

For his chief officer, he appointed a man named Le Fort, who was a native of Switzerland. This man was well educated and had traveled in most of the countries of Europe.

By his advice Peter changed the laws so as to have more commerce with other nations.

By seeing the products of other countries, the Russians learned that the work done in those countries was better than that done in Russia. Therefore they were more willing to be taught.

Peter brought in all kinds of foreign workmen. He took particular pains to bring in masons, because the Russians could build only rough log houses. He himself had a strong palace built, to show the people something better than they had ever seen.

As soon as the workmen had finished the palace, they were employed by the noblemen. In this way the Russians gradually became used to living in a better way.

By the advice of Le Fort, Peter changed the uniform and drill of his soldiers. Up to this time they had been dressed very clumsily. LeFort had uniforms such as were worn in other parts of Europe, made for a regiment. Peter was so much pleased that he wore one of the uniforms himself and had his whole army dressed in them.

Peter went into the army as a soldier of the lowest rank, and worked his way up just as any other man might. He obeyed the orders of the officers just as if he had not been Czar.

Many young noblemen were sent out to study in the best schools of Europe, and to learn to do all kinds of work.

Peter was not satisfied with his small sailing vessels. He wanted warships such as were then in use in other countries. So he made up his mind to leave Russia and travel for some time.

It was the custom at that time for kings to send costly presents to each other. These presents were carried by the highest noblemen. The noblemen took with them a large number of servants and horses and traveled in grand style.

They were received by the kings to whom they were sent in the same style. Rich presents were given in return and feasts and entertainments were made for them.

Peter determined to send such a train of noblemen to the great kings of Europe, and to go with them himself in disguise. But it became known that the Czar of Russia was with the company. Great honor was paid to him, although he was not called Czar.

The Russians had very crude manners of eating and drinking, and Peter knew nothing better than his people. He was very much troubled by his ignorance of the customs of the people who gave the feasts.

The first time a napkin was offered to him he did not know what to do with it. But he learned so readily and so willingly that everybody was pleased with him.

At that time Holland was famous for shipbuilding. Peter stayed a long time there. He dressed himself as a common sailor and walked about among the shipping all day long.

Sometimes it was whispered that the strange sailor was the Czar of the great country of Russia. Then the people stopped to stare at him. This displeased Peter very much and he always went away.

At last he went to work as a ship carpenter. He worked all day long and received his wages just as the other workmen did.

Peter also learned enough of dentistry to take out teeth and enough of shoemaking to make a pair of slippers.

After a time he saw an English ship that pleased him better than the Dutch ships. On this account he visited England. There a large house was given him by the King.

In England Peter went about the ship yards as he had in Holland. He made himself acquainted with the best workmen. Many of them he hired to go to Russia with him. He also learned to sail a ship.

All this had taken time and Peter found at last that he must return to his home. When he left England the King gave him his own yacht as a present.

Peter had learned many things besides shipbuilding. He had taken pains to notice the dress and manner of living in the countries he had visited. He saw how much better it was than the Russian style of dress and living.

In Russia the people thought it a sin to shave. The men wore long robes down to their feet. Both the men and women wore sleeves so long that they hung down a foot over their hands.

Peter ordered the men to shave and to wear short coats and sleeves. This they did not want to do. In order to make them do as he wished, a tax was put on beards and long robes.

Men who could not pay the tax were stopped in the streets. They were made to kneel down and their robes were cut off close to the ground. Their beards were cut off by barbers paid by the Czar.

In Russia the women had always been shut up in the houses. When they went out, they drove in close carriages. It was thought wrong for them to be seen in public.

Peter made feasts to which he invited both men and women as he had seen in other countries. He himself dressed as he had seen men dressed when he was traveling, and shaved his face.

Russia had no seaports. None had been needed because there were no ships. But now Peter built a fleet and a seaport was needed.

Russia had a little seacoast in the north where it was very cold. The place where St. Petersburg now stands was a swamp. But Peter determined to build a seaport there.

He himself went to the place and called workmen from every part of Russia. They drove great logs endwise into the swamp, and built the houses upon them. Every wagon that came to the city was compelled to bring a load of earth. Soon a large city was built and made the capital.

So Peter went on all his life teaching his people better ways of living and working. He himself worked

with his own hands like a laborer. Through his efforts, the Russians learned to respect the people of other countries, and to live in a more civilized way.

When Peter became Czar his people lived in wretched huts. They were savage and ignorant. They did not even know that there were people much better off than they were. They did not want to trade with other countries. They were even forbidden by law to do so. They looked with contempt on any man who was not a Russian. The Russian army was poorly drilled and could be easily overcome. There were neither ships nor seaports.

When Peter died the Russians had learned that other nations were much more civilized, and many wanted to be like those nations. Schools and workshops had been established. The Russian army was well armed and drilled. There was a large fleet. Russia had become a powerful nation.

In the end Peter came to his death by helping to rescue some shipwrecked sailors. It is said that he himself saved the lives of twenty men. From this he became ill and soon died.

Because of all that Peter did for his nation he is called Peter the Great. Some kings and emperors have had this title because they were great warriors. Peter was given the title, not because he conquered other nations, but because he did so much for his own nation.



Three Little Kittens

THREE little Kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
“Oh, mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.”

“Lost your mittens!
You naughty Kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”
“No, you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

The three little Kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
“Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here,
See! we have found our mittens.”

“Put on your mittens,
You silly Kittens,
And you may have some pie.”

“Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.”



The three little Kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
“Oh, mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.”

“Soiled your mittens!
You naughty Kittens!”
Then they began to sigh,
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

The three little Kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;

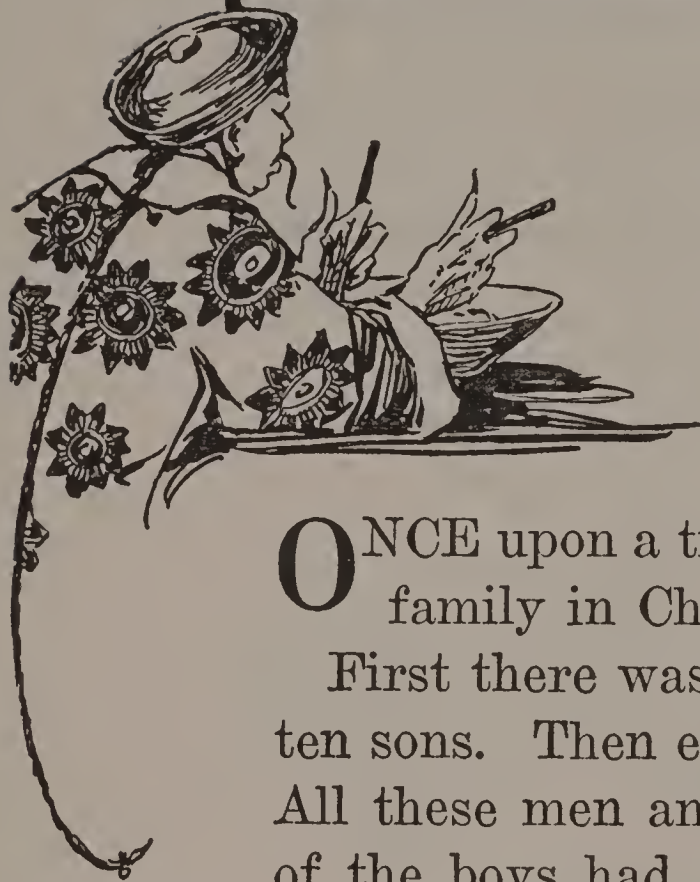
“Oh, mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?”

“Washed your mittens!
Oh you're good Kittens,
But I smell a rat close by!”

“Hush, hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!
We smell a rat close by!
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!”

* * * *

Pussycat and her little kittens
Sat in the corner knitting mittens.



The Polite Family

ONCE upon a time there was a very polite family in China.

First there was the grandfather. He had ten sons. Then each son had ten little sons. All these men and boys were polite. Each of the boys had a dog. All the dogs were polite too.

At the table not a dog would begin to eat until his master had begun. Not a boy would begin until his father had begun. Not a man would begin until the grandfather had begun. So the polite grandfather began to eat first. Then the ten polite fathers began to eat. And at last the hundred polite boys began to eat. And then the hundred polite dogs began to eat. So then they were all eating.



Chinese Folk Story

Pandora

LONG, long ago, when the earth was young, all the people were children. No grown man or woman had ever been seen.

The children needed no fathers and mothers to take care of them. No one had ever been ill. Clothes never wore out. It was summer all the time. Nice things to eat grew on trees where the children could get them.

The children never quarreled. They were always happy. No child had ever been known to go into a corner to sulk.

A boy called Epimetheus lived in a pretty little house all alone. One day a young man brought a heavy box to the door.

Epimetheus had never seen a young man and he was very much surprised. So when the young man said he wanted to leave the box there, Epimetheus could think of nothing to say.

The young man smiled at him and said, "You must never open the box or let any one else open it." Then he turned and went lightly away.

Epimetheus thought at first that he had wings on his feet. But when he rubbed his eyes and looked

again, the young man was so far away that he could not tell for sure.

Afterward he thought he had not seen right, for who ever heard of any one with wings on his feet?

The box had beautiful faces carved upon it. It was tied with a string of twisted gold. Epimetheus looked at the faces and at the knot; but he did not touch the box. Then he heard his playmates calling for him, and he ran away to play and forgot the box.

When he came back in the evening there was a strange little girl sitting on the steps. She said she had been brought from a long way off to be his playmate. Strange to say, she could not remember at all where she came from. She only remembered that a tall boy with wings on his feet brought her.

“That must have been the same boy that brought the box,” said Epimetheus. Then he showed the box to Pandora. She wanted to open it at once, but Epimetheus told her what the young man had said. Pandora thought the box must be for her. She felt sure there was something pretty in it for her.

Epimetheus begged the little girl to go out and play and think no more about it. She ran away with him, but she could not quite forget the box.

Every day when the two children came in to rest, Pandora looked at the box and wished she could open it. After a while she did not want to go out at all.

The first thing in the morning, she began to guess what was in the box.

One day Epimetheus went out alone to find the other children. Pandora looked at the box first. Then she touched the carved faces. Then she lifted one corner. Down went the heavy box out of her hands almost on her toes.

She thought she heard a voice in the box; so she put her ear close to the lid. Sure enough! Many little voices were calling, "Please let me out, Pandora."

Pandora touched the golden string very lightly. She didn't know whether to pull it or not. But it needed no pulling. Just the moment her fingers touched the knot, it came untied. Then the little voices called louder than before.

Pandora thought she would lift the lid a little and shut it very quickly. But the moment there was the least crack, out came a swarm of ugly little creatures. They had wings like a bat and very long stings. These little creatures were troubles of all kinds.

Pandora dropped the lid with a bang. Just at that moment one of the troubles stung her on the forehead. At this she screamed so loud that Epimetheus ran in. Just as he opened the door, a trouble stung him and he began to scream.

Out flew the troubles over that happy country stinging every child in it. All the children set up a

loud screaming. For a long time nothing could be heard but crying and moaning.

Pandora lay on the floor with her head against the box, wishing she had never opened it. After a while she noticed a sweet little voice calling: "Dear Pandora, let me out and I will take away your pain."

"I will never open the box again," said Pandora.

But the sweet little voice kept singing: "Let me out, let me out, dear Pandora. I am not a trouble, I am Hope, and I can cure all the children of their pain."

So Pandora opened the box again. Out came a smiling little creature with rainbow wings. It kissed Pandora on the forehead and the pain was gone.

For a minute it went dancing about like a sunbeam. Then it said good-by and flew out to kiss the other children.

It was always too busy to stay long at a time with any child. But if a child were ill or unhappy, Hope came flying in to comfort him.

An Indian Legend

LONG and long ago, when the earth was young, there were no trees. The ground was green with grass; bright flowers lifted up their faces to the sun.

Gitchee Manito looked down and saw the beautiful earth. The wind blew softly. The water sparkled in the sunlight. Flowers were blooming everywhere.

So beautiful was the earth that Gitchee Manito came down from the sky and walked to and fro on it.

Wherever he went, trees sprang up from his footprints. Fine and tall they grew, their leaves rustling and whispering in the air and light.

All summer the leaves were green, but when the frost came they turned brown and yellow and crimson.

Then Gitchee Manito was sorry for the leaves for he knew they would soon be withered and dead; so he came once more and gave each leaf a pair of wings and changed it into a bird. Brown leaves were turned to sparrows and snowbirds and wrens. Yellow leaves became goldfinches and orioles. Crimson leaves were made tanagers and red-birds and robins.

This is why the birds love the trees and make their nests in them. And this is why the trees love the birds and shelter them from storms and snow.

The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg



ONCE upon a time a poor man lived all alone in a little cottage. He had no wife and no children. He did not even have a cat.

One day he was sitting in his house by the fire. He heard something coming pit pat, pit pat, in at the door.

He turned around and there was a little gray goose. She had on a little cap and a little apron.

The man gave her a piece of bread and patted her back. The little goose liked this. So she stayed.

One day she made a nice nest in a little box and laid an egg. The man looked at the egg and saw that it was gold. So he locked it up in a drawer.

The little gray goose laid a golden egg every day. The man put them all away. Soon he was rich.

Every day he opened the drawer and counted the eggs. By and by he grew tired of getting only one egg a day.

He thought he would kill the goose and get all the gold at once, but when he cut the goose open, he found no gold. So he was punished for killing the goose that had been so good to him.



The Magpie's Nest

ONCE upon a time no bird but a magpie knew how to build a nest. So all the birds came to her to learn how to build nests.

All the birds stood around the magpie watching her. First she made a cake of mud.

"I see how it is done," said the robin, and then away she flew. So that is why all robins make nests of mud.

Then the magpie put some twigs around the mud. "Now I know how to make a nest," said the blackbird. That is how blackbirds make nests to this day.

Next the magpie put mud over the twigs. "That is how it is done, is it?" said the owl. So she flew away and made her nest that same way.

After that the magpie put some more twigs on the outside of the nest.

"That is the very thing," said the sparrow. Away she flew. To this day she cannot make a good nest.

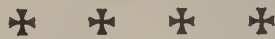
Then the magpie lined the nest with feathers. This made it very comfortable.

"That suits me," said the starling. So starlings have very comfortable nests.

So it went on. Each bird learned a little, but no bird stayed until the end.

When the nest was finished, it was the very best kind of nest. It was thick and warm. It had a roof to keep out the cold and rain. It had a very soft lining.

But all the birds went away before it was done. This made the magpie angry and she would never show them again. So all the birds have different nests.



DAISIES

AT evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies,
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

Frank Dempster Sherman

The Little Red Hen



ONCE there was a little red hen. She lived in a little house in the woods. She had a little bed and a little stove and a little table with little dishes.

A fox lived over the hill with his mother. He wanted to get the little red hen for his dinner. But the little red hen never went far from her door. She could always run in if she saw a fox coming.

One day she went out to get wood to make a fire and she forgot to lock the door. The fox was watching behind a stone. He kept still until her back was toward the house. Then he went softly in and crept back into the corner under the bed and kept very still. He made believe he was asleep but he kept one eye open.

The little red hen did not see the fox go into her house. She was too busy picking up wood to make her tea.

When the little red hen filled her apron full of sticks she came in and locked the door. She hung the key on a nail and went to the stove and out jumped the fox. The little red hen flew up on a shelf.

Then the fox ran round and round after his tail.

The little red hen shut her eyes and tried very hard not to look. But the fox made so much noise that her eyes flew open. She looked down for just one second. There was the fox whirling like a big top. It made her so dizzy that she came tumbling down. The fox grabbed her and put her into his bag. Then he opened the door and ran off through the woods as fast as he could go. After a while he was so tired that he had to lie down to rest. Before he knew it he was fast asleep.

The little red hen had her scissors in her pocket. She listened a long time to be sure the fox was asleep. Then she took out her scissors and cut a hole in the bag. She crept out softly holding her breath. There lay the fox sound asleep.

The little red hen wanted to run away without waiting a minute. But she was afraid the fox might wake up and see that she was gone. So she waited to put a big stone into the bag. Then she took her

thimble and needle and thread, which she always carried in her pocket, and sewed up the bag so the stone could not fall out. Then she ran home as fast as her feet could take her.

By and by the fox woke up. He lay still awhile. Then he rubbed his eyes and stretched himself. Then he jumped up.

“Have I been asleep!” he said to himself. “I shall be late for dinner. My mother will think I am not coming.”

He did not wait to look at the bag. He grabbed it up and threw it over his back. Off he went faster than before to make up for lost time.

The stone hurt the fox’s back when he ran so fast, but he could not stop for that. He said to himself:

“How heavy the little red hen is. She will make a good dinner. My mother will be glad. We shall both have all we can eat all day.”

Soon he came to his little green house in the hillside. His mother was standing in the door watching for him. He had been gone a long, long time, and she was very hungry.

“Have you the little red hen this time, my son?” she said.

“Yes, mother, I have,” said the fox. “She is so fat and heavy that it hurt my back to carry her. But I don’t care. She will make the best dinner we

ever had. Have you the kettle on?"

"Yes, my son," said the mother. "bring her in and we will cook her at once."

The fire was hot and the water in the kettle was boiling hard.

"Lift up the lid and I will put her in," said the fox.

So the mother lifted the lid and the fox held the bag over the kettle. Splash went the heavy stone into the hot water and burned them both in the face.

But the little red hen was safe at home in her little house.



The Wind Flower

ADONIS was a beautiful boy. His eyes were blue as the sky. His hair was like sunshine.

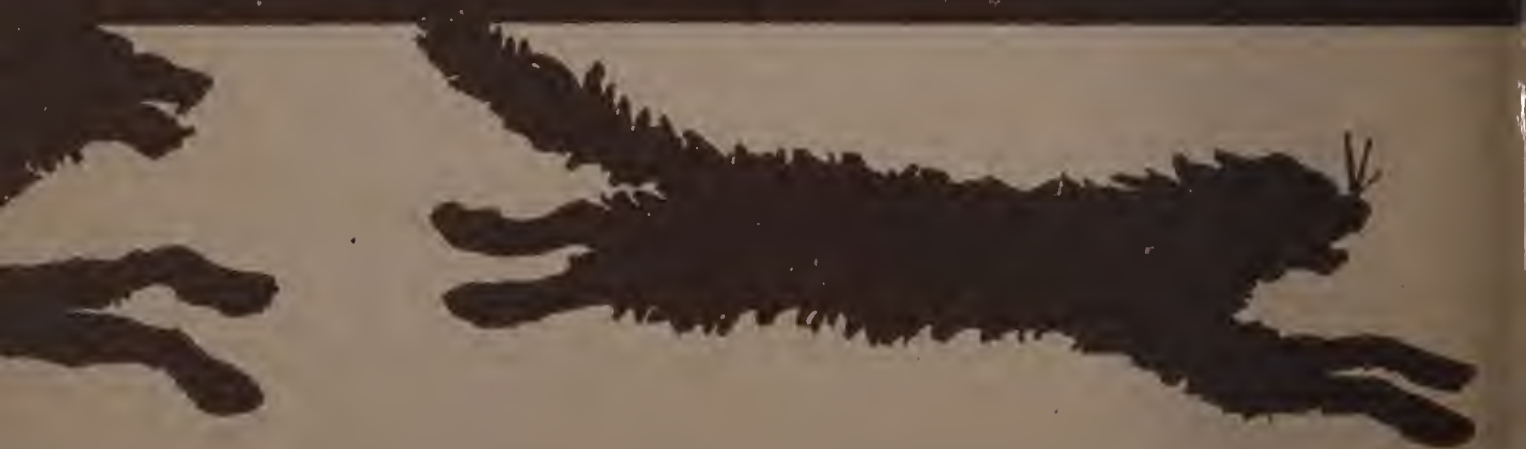
He could run so swiftly and so lightly that he almost seemed to fly.

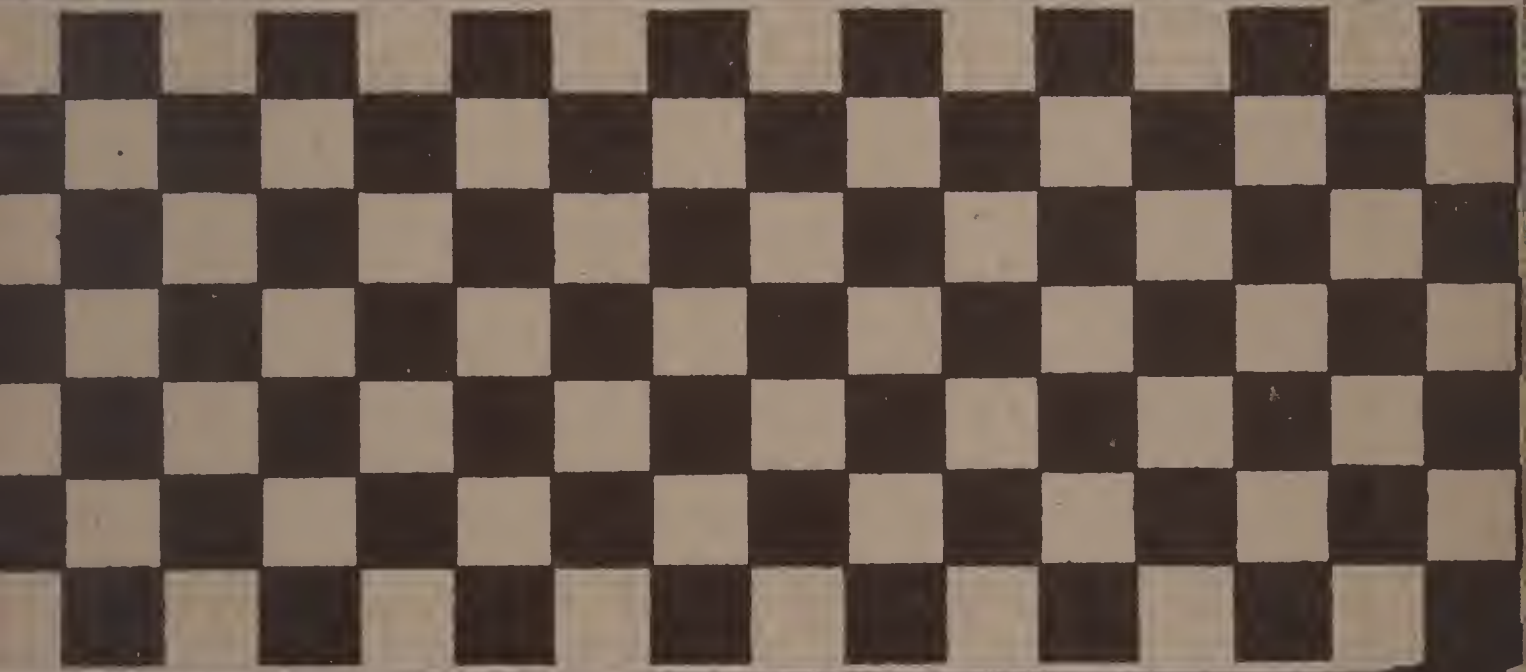
The only thing he cared for in all the world was hunting. In the morning before the dew was dried, he was up and away on the hills.

Aphrodite herself was charmed with his beauty and grace. She begged him to stay with her. But he would not leave his hunting.

One day a fierce wild boar killed him. Aphrodite came and found him lying on the ground white and beautiful, like a flower. So she changed him into a flower.

The flower is white with a slender, graceful stem. It lives only a short time. People call it anemone or wind flower. The anemone grows at the edge of the forest in the shade of the trees. It is like Adonis. It loves the greenwood.





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